



## Portfolios

NEW ENGLAND LAKES

RIVERS OF  
NEW ENGLAND.  
MOUNTAINS OF  
NEW ENGLAND.  
SEASHORE OF  
NEW ENGLAND.  
PICTURESQUE  
NEW ENGLAND.

HISTORIC — MISCELLANEOUS  
Will be sent upon receipt of 6 CENTS  
FOR EACH BOOK.



Seashore, Lake and Mountain Resorts  
OF EASTERN & NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND  
and the Maritime Provinces  
Reached by the

# Boston AND Maine RAILROAD



Illustrated descriptive pamphlet (containing complete maps) have  
been issued under the following titles, and will be mailed  
upon receipt of 2 CENTS in stamps for each book.

ALL ALONG SHORE. LAKE SUNAPEE,  
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. SOUTHEAST NEW HAMPSHIRE.  
LAKES AND STREAMS. SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE.  
FISHING AND HUNTING. CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS.  
MERRIMACK VALLEY. LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.  
THE MONADNOCK REGION.  
VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT AND NORTHERN VERMONT.  
THE HOOSAC COUNTRY AND DEERFIELD VALLEY.

COLORS BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM MT. WASHINGTON  
SENT ON RECEIPT OF 6 CTS. IN STAMPS.

Also Summer Tourist Book giving list of tours and rates, hotel  
and boarding house list, and other valuable information, free.

FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS APPLY TO  
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, B. & M. R. R. BOSTON, MASS.  
D. J. Flanders, GENL. PASS'G & TICKET AGENT.

## Merchants & Miners Transportation Co.

### STEAMSHIP LINES

BETWEEN

Baltimore, Boston, Providence  
Norfolk, Newport News  
Philadelphia, Savannah

*Finest Coastwise Trip in the World*

Steamers New, Fast and Elegant  
Accommodations and Cuisine Unsurpassed

Send for Illustrated Booklet

J. C. WHITNEY, 2d, V. P. & T. M.  
W. P. TURNER, G. P. A.

General Offices, Baltimore, Md.

## American Journal of Science

Founded by Prof. Silliman in 1818

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Physical  
Geography, Mineralogy, Natural History,  
Astronomy and Meteorology.

Editor: EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors:

GEORGE L. GOODALE, JOHN TROWBRIDGE, W. G.  
FARLOW and WM. M. DAVIS, of Cambridge; A. E.  
VERRILL, H. S. WILLIAMS and L. V. PIRSSON, of  
Yale; G. F. BARKER, of the University of Pennsyl-  
vania, Philadelphia; JOSEPH S. AMES, of Johns Hop-  
kins University, Baltimore, Md.; J. S. DILLER, of U.  
S. Geological Survey, Washington.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published annually  
in MONTHLY NUMBERS.

This Journal ended its *first* series of 50 volumes as a  
quarterly in 1845, and its *second* series of 50 volumes as  
a two-monthly in 1870. The *third* series of monthly  
numbers ended in 1895. A *fourth* series commenced  
with January, 1896.

Subscription price, \$6.00. 50 cents a number. A  
few sets on sale of the first, second and third series.

Ten volumes index numbers on hand for the second  
and third series. An index to volumes I to X of the  
fourth series was issued in December, 1900. Price, one  
dollar. Address

The American Journal of Science  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Co.

nah

World

sed

P. A.

nce

sical  
,

G.  
A. E.  
N, of  
nsyl  
Hop.  
of U.

ually

as p  
es as  
nthly  
nced

A  
s.  
cord  
the  
one

NN.





# THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series {  
Volume XV.

No. 3025—June 28, 1902.

{ From Beginning  
Vol. CCXXXIII.

## CONTENTS.

I. A View of Ibsen. <i>By A. Maynard Butler</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	769
II. In a Devonshire Garden: At Seed-Time. <i>By Fred Whitshaw</i>	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	778
III. The Winds of Cathrigg. Chapter XXI. Gossip. Chapter XXII. Repentant. <i>By Christabel Coleridge</i> (To be continued)	SUNDAY MAGAZINE	790
IV. James Spedding. <i>By Leslie Stephen</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	797
V. An Ambassador. <i>By Mabel Murray Hickson</i>	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	810
VI. Friendship in the Bible.	SPECTATOR	821
VII. The Coronation of Edward VII. <i>By C. D. W.</i>		824
VIII. The Watcher in the Wood. <i>By Dora Sigerson Shorter</i>		824
IX. Under the Wall. <i>By Alice Buckton</i>		824
X. Not Soon Shall I Forget. <i>By Katharine Tynan</i>		824

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy, or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

# What Women Should Know

... and ...

## Modern Embroidery

### TWO GREAT MAGAZINES COMBINED

We cannot describe the numerous features of intense interest contained in these two charming magazines. A **Lesson** is given each month in Embroidery, Lace Work, Crocheting, Knitting, China Painting, Pyrography and Physical Culture. Our designs in Embroidery and Lace Work are original; they do not appear in other publications, but are **exclusive for our readers**.

**Subscription Price, 50 cents a year. Issued Monthly**  
**A Three Months' Trial Subscription for Only 10 Cents**

This offer is limited to those who apply at once, and is made simply to introduce the magazine, which makes friends wherever it goes. Address—

**The Ashley Publishing Company**

**275 WASHINGTON STREET**

**BOSTON, MASS.**

## The Washington Heights School for Children Deaf or with Defective Hearing



**A PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL**

**MAIN FEATURE:**

**The DEVELOPMENT and IMPROVEMENT of the HEARING**

**ARTICULATION LIP-READING DEFECTS OF SPEECH CORRECTED**

**PRINCIPALS**

**MRS. ANNA RENO MARGULIES**

**MRS. J. SCOTT ANDERSON**

**847 St. Nicholas Avenue, NEW YORK CITY**

## TWO VERANDA NOVELS

### THE LADY PARAMOUNT

By HENRY HARLAND  
Author of  
"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"  
(65th Thousand)

12mo, \$1.50

*The 50th Thousand Just Printed!*

**The New York Sun:**

"A book full of sunshine and sparkle."  
"A book without a shadow."

**The New York Tribune:**

"All extremely captivating."  
"We delight in him."  
"A novel one cannot help enjoying."

**The Baltimore Sun:**

"The brightest piece of fiction that we have  
read in many moons."  
"The most brilliant of contemporary novelists."

### THE STORY OF EDEN

By  
DOLF WYLLARDE

12mo, \$1.50

*"Brilliant!" "Daring!" "Outspoken!"*

**The Brooklyn Eagle writes:**

"A brilliant, strong, entertaining novel, full of lively conversation, and free from any sort of morbidness or dreary pretention. For once in a way everything comes out all right: the dreaded witness is, in fact, dead; Vibart himself is satisfactorily killed; so Madge's secret remains conveniently buried forever—and that is how it happens in real life, more frequently than not."

**Chicago Record-Herald:**

"A daring novel, bold and outspoken."

**JOHN LANE**

The Bodley Head  
67 Fifth Avenue

**NEW YORK**

## BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM MT. WASHINGTON.

A NOVEL COLORED MAP.

The White Mountains region, celebrated throughout the country as America's grandest summer mountain resort, is just now arrayed in her choicest adornments. The trees and foliage are already decked in their summer garb, and the beautiful valleys and meadows are resplendent in their mantle of green verdure.

Only the person who has lingered in this beautiful paradise can get an idea of its great beauty and natural embellishments.

The towering peak of Mt. Washington, which rises far above the clouds and which stands forth like a giant sentinel overlooking the far off Mt. Oxford in Canada, and the many distant and lesser peaks which appear outlined against the sky, is now ready for the army of tourists who annually wend their way to its lofty summit.

The view from the top of Mt. Washington on a clear day is superb; the long deep ravines and the green topped mountains present a scene which for natural grandeur cannot be surpassed in the country.

To the prospective visitor or the person not able to visit this famed elysium, the Boston & Maine's "Bird's Eye View from Mt. Washington" is a rare treat. It is a delightful colored map, circular in shape, and printed in seven different colors, showing the mountains and ravines as viewed from the summit of Mt. Washington, with each section numbered and an index giving the name of the mountain or ravine. There is a graphic illustration of a train on the Mt. Washington Railway ascending the mountain, and the several buildings on the summit are clearly shown.

This map is well worth securing; it is odd, unique and handsome, and will be mailed from the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps.



A Story of Viking Days



# The THRALL of LEIF the LUCKY

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRA NTZ

With 6 full-page Illustrations in Color. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50

The advance announcements of this brilliant romance attracted wide attention—an interest which has increased rapidly since the publication of the book on March 19. In addition to the charm of the story itself, which is most absorbing, the remarkable pictures represent a perfection in color work never before attained in book illustration. Although the first edition of this book was a large one, it was found necessary to double it on the press.

## OTHER NEW SPRING PUBLICATIONS

**THE PRINCE INCOGNITO.** By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER. With a cover design by F. BERKELEY SMITH. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The romance of Rinaldo d'Este, cousin of Louis XV of France.

**GERTRUDE DORRANCE.** By MARY FISHER, author of "A Group of French Critics," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.  
The love story of a most unusual and attractive young girl.

**ALABAMA SKETCHES.** By SAMUEL MINTURN PECK. 16mo, \$1.00.  
Dr. Peck is a native of Alabama and understands thoroughly the characteristics of his own people.

**THE POINT OF HONOUR.** By H. A. HINKSON, author of "The King's Deputy." With a cover design by F. BERKELEY SMITH. 12mo, \$1.50.  
Exciting episodes of Irish gallantry in the last century, full of dash and spirit.

**DOWN HISTORIC WATERWAYS.** By REUBEN GOLD THWAITES. A new edition, with eight full-page illustrations, and a new cover design by FRANK HAZENPLUG. 12mo, \$1.20 net.  
A delightful account of a summer canoeing trip on Illinois and Wisconsin rivers.

**NESTLINGS OF FOREST AND MARSH.** By IRENE GROSVENOR WHELOCK. With 12 full-page photogravures and 60 text illustrations. 12mo, \$1.40 net.  
A bird book in a new field.

**LITTLE LEADERS.** By WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE. 18mo, \$1.00 net.

**EDITORIAL ECHOES.** By WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE. 18mo, \$1.00 net.  
These two volumes contain essays on literary and kindred subjects contributed to *The Dial*.

**OCEAN TO OCEAN. NICARAGUA AND ITS PEOPLE.** By J. W. G. WALKER U. S. N. With fourteen full-page plates and four maps. 12mo, indexed, \$1.25 net.  
The latest book on this pertinent subject.

**NOTES ON THE NICARAGUA CANAL.** By HENRY I. SHELTON. A new edition, with 22 full-page illustrations and 5 maps. 12mo, indexed, \$1.25.  
A business man's forceful argument in favor of the Nicaraguan Route.

**LETTERS TO AN ENTHUSIAST.** By MARY COWDEN CLARKE. With ten full-page photogravure plates. Tall 8vo, full boards, \$2.50 net.  
Delightful gossip letters about literary London in the '60's.

**A SELECTION OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES.** By SHERWIN CODY. 18mo, \$1.00 net.  
Mr. Cody presents a collection of famous masterpieces, with an introduction to each.

**THE BOOK LOVER. A GUIDE TO THE BEST READING.** By JAMES BALDWIN, Ph.D. A new edition, entirely re-written and printed from new plates at the Merrymount Press. 18mo, \$1.00 net.  
A beautiful edition of this standard book.

**RIGHT READING. QUOTATIONS FROM TEN FAMOUS AUTHORS ON THE CHOICE AND USE OF BOOKS.** Printed at the Merrymount Press. 24mo, 80 cents net.  
A companionable little book which gives the ideas of some great men on the best reading.

**HELPFUL THOUGHTS. NEW SELECTIONS FROM MARCUS AURELIUS.** By WALTER LEE BROWN. Printed at the Merrymount Press. 24mo, 80 cents net.  
Some of the best of the great philosopher.

For Sale by All Booksellers

A. C. McCLURG & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO

# THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.  
VOLUME XV.

NO. 3025. JUNE 28, 1902.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CXXXIII.

---

## A VIEW OF IBSEN.

A man writes because he cannot help it, and so, by the grace of God, he is a genius; or he writes by deliberate choice, now well, now less well, because he likes to do what he can do with ease; he depletes anything, from a flower-garden to the heart of a young girl, and so is a man of talent, an artist; or he writes because his soul burns at injustice; and so he is a reformer, a teacher. Very rarely—only about five times in the world's history—has one man possessed all those qualities; Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe remain our universal searchers of human life. We have long since given up the attempt to analyze them; we have long since perceived that Truth is the only word comprehensive enough to describe them, and that unless a man writes Truth he has not found the soil in which mental power can root itself and obtain enduring sustenance. Honestly to try to find out, therefore, how nearly a writer approaches that high standard is the greatest honor that can be shown him.

Acquaintance with his dramas and poems is what Ibsen, after forty-five years of authorship, asks, and a judgment resting upon that rational basis. Whatever, therefore, Henrik Ibsen's devotees assert of him in foolishness

should not be allowed to obtrude itself in an attempt to arrive at an estimate of his life-work, which approaches its close; for the devotee is not necessarily an appreciator; he is rather the blind man boasting of his blindness; his day, with his maudlin maunderings as regards Ibsen, may be counted as past.

"Cultivate," said Lessing, the father of modern German literature, to his brother Karl who was writing for the stage, "cultivate your own character. Without that, I cannot conceive a good dramatic author." The advice sounds odd to the ears of the Enthusiast in Realism: not so to the Realist himself. Sudermann knows that what he foreshadowed in *Frau Sorge*, he attained in *Johannes*. Hauptmann knows that what he sought to capture in *Hannerle's Dream*, he grasped in *Die Versunkene Glocke*. Both know that the plays which intervened were steps in the upward path, unconscious cultivation of their own characters.

What has been the course of Henrik Ibsen's career, the cultivation of his character, in Lessing's sense? His youth was a troublous, unsatisfied, hemmed-in and rashly conceited period. He overrated his powers as a poet of patriotism, he exaggerated the national difficulties which he meant to



satirize. He purposely made himself obnoxious that the State authorities might persecute him; he determinedly acquired martyrdom; then, in the blaze of notoriety, was expelled his land, to return to it no more as a dweller within its political confines until the first decade of old age had set in. What his first thirty years did for Ibsen, the dramatist whom we know, Ibsen, himself, alone can tell us. And he has told us in the verses, the invective against his enemies, the egotistical cries to have his own way, which he poured out when with his friends, and sheets of which he indited when absent from them. They supply material for a biography singularly complete. It is, however, chiefly with their results as exhibited in his later years, passed for the most part in Germany, that the student of the literature of our time has to do. To him the plays published between 1855 and 1900 represent the Works of Ibsen.

What position then is to be assigned to Henrik Ibsen? It is not a premature question; for, as has been said, it has been in preparation for nearly half a century; and it is a respectful question. As far as chronological order signifies the dramas begin with *The Festival at Solhaug* and end with *When We Dead Awaken*. One tragedy precedes and three come between *The Festival at Solhaug* and *Love's Comedy*; but whether the student pauses over *Catiline*, *Fru Inger of Ostraad*, *The Warriors of Helgeland*, and *The Pretenders* or not matters very little to his knowledge of Ibsen, as the author himself would probably be the first to acknowledge. *Love's Comedy*, too, in its essentials, has been far better done by French writers before 1870 and English farce-comedy-makers from time immemorial. The real succession of Ibsen's Works is, therefore, to be noted as has been described. Between the *Festival at Solhaug* and

*When We Dead Awaken* yawns a period of continuous mental labor, the longest with three exceptions of modern times. Interspersed along the line are the following plays: *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, *Emperor and Galilean*, *The Youth's Union*, *Rosmersholm*, *The Lady of the Sea*, *The Pillars of Society*, *The Wild Duck*, *Little Eyolf*, *The Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Master Builder*; most, if not all, of these the general public assumes to have been first written in Norwegian and then given, wholesale, to the translator. I am, however, reliably informed that for many years, perhaps twenty-five or thirty, it has been Ibsen's custom to write simultaneously in German and Norwegian, for the former tongue belongs to him by inheritance on his mother's side. In German, therefore, rather than in English, the student obtains the best reflex of the people portrayed, the homely details insisted upon, the meagre social conditions, the unabashed leaps from rectitude to obloquy, the indelicate contrasts of moral habits with pathological curiosity—more frequently found in northern countries than in those of central or southern Europe—the indifference to gradations in character, the gnome-like grin of derision at the extent of the reader's gullibility, the pathetic indications of the author's own despair face to face with the mysteries of life and the grave, and the traces—alas!—of his participation in the corruption which his puppets display!

*The Festival at Solhaug* is a story of the 14th century, told, for the most part, in blank verse, but with interludes in rhyme. Two peasant sisters, Margit and Signe, whose blond hair, full, womanly figures and fresh color stand before us as they sing and lament, are the centre of the group. Their daily round of existence is a limited routine, and remarkably devoid of the romantic elements which

we associate with the land of Thor. The husband Bengt and the lover Gudmund are prosaic eaters and drinkers who say little and do little to inspire the affectionate clinging exhibited by Margit and Signe; Knut even, in his jealousy, is calculating rather than passionate; the friends who come to the feast seem a throng by enumeration, not by motion. The work is young, very young, in style, yet lacks the freshness and dash, the fragrance and unconsciousness of youth. So conspicuous is the absence that one turns back to the dates and finds that, Ibsen having been born in 1828 and the play written in 1855, he was twenty-seven years old when it left his hands; a young man, indeed, but one who had sounded the gamut of disappointment, anger and hatred early, an atmosphere in which spontaneity suffers.

*Brand*, by some reviewers called Ibsen's best work, but which in reality is only a fair foreshadowing of his qualities and his weaknesses, was the play by which he became known beyond Scandinavia. It occupies in his progress before the public about the position of Wagner's *Rienzi* in relation to his later operas. The grim grappling with realities has begun, but the manner of meeting them is an imitation; the Witches' Kitchen, Auerbach's Keller, the conversation of the student with Mephistopheles, from which the Germanized Norwegian has evidently risen impressed, are as plainly reflected in the scenes in the life of the Lutheran Pastor as was Ibsen's own face in his mirror the day he penned them. But the imitation is so unconscious, it so nearly approaches inspiration, that it would be a pedantic analysis which insisted upon it to the exclusion of the individuality to be found in the literal, introspective man, truth-loving, strong, with a tinge of poetry over his severities, who gives the name to the drama.

His soliloquies, his dialogues with a companion of his school-days, his dealings with a provincial official, his ideas of the obedience due to his ecclesiastical superior, the half-superstitious effect upon his narrow, crude experience of the mysticisms uttered by Gerd, the lunatic girl, his temptations to fatalism and the bitter sorrow in the death of his only child cannot be passed by with a regulation glance. Two scenes are unforgettable: that in which Brand, the preacher, rebukes his wife for her attempt to cheat her sore heart by leaving the curtains undrawn on Christmas Eve, that their little boy lying under the snow in the forlorn churchyard may not be shut out of the Children's Night, while the father's heart is breaking; and that in which the weird Gerd reappears amongst the crashing ice-blocks which sweep away their mountain home, calling out, "He is Deus caritatis! He is Deus caritatis!" To the sweetness of the first every being who has loved and sorrowed responds; in the determined hope of the second, the last brave effort to trust his God, many a Christian hears the echo of his anguish. But a beautiful moment and an effective moment do not make a great play; nor does the choice of a fine theme mean capacity to enthrall. To charm the listener into losing himself in the characters presented so as to become their very selves, that is the power which unlocks all reserve and claims the world as its own. *Brand* does not accomplish this. At several points detail entirely covers up the story; more than once an impression crops up that the author is writing because it is easy, not because he has something to say, that he has not arrived at his religious and philosophic conclusions through deep, personal experience, but by quickness to seize upon telling situations.

In *Peer Gynt* the suspicion that facility with Ibsen exceeds conviction be-

comes an assurance. Unvirile, murky reasoning and lingering over monstrosity reveal the rudderless thinker, a man to whom love and passion are synonyms, to whom the nobility of comradeship in affection has never been revealed, to whom abandonment is unselfishness and lack of discrimination divine.

The play was written in 1867, when its author was approaching his fortieth year, when he had acquired a larger acquaintance with the world's literature, and his private circumstances had begun to take on a less galling aspect. But he was a Norwegian still, incapable of degrees of feeling, unacquainted with the refinement of cultivated intellectual associations, unable to work his way through a sequence, since all that he undertook was already climax. Vice with him became ferocity; mysticism, mental estrangement; poverty, hideous disease; men who were not beasts were fools; women who did not languish for love of the beasts made up a negative, material frame-work for those who did. 'A Professor of Ethics is the director of a mad-house, a scholar of original methods, a monomaniac.

The North, we know, is the land of extremes. Russia has taught us that all or nothing is the ideal of her reformers, and the Scandinavian lives but a short distance further removed from the Pole. But whether owing to his limited boundaries as contrasted with the vast tracts of the trans-Asiatic Empire, or owing to the hypocrisy induced by his religious system, the modern Norwegian has strength without grandeur. He says he too loves freedom, but he does not awaken sympathy in his practice of it. In a word, he lacks the fascination of abandon of his Tartar-Slavonic neighbor. It is this lack which we feel keenly in Ibsen, as displayed in *Peer Gynt*. The play is a long, detached

collection of involved intellectual whims, an anarchy of the emotions, closing *à niente*.

Compare for a moment the store-house contained in the books which have forced their way over the Russian frontier. How scene after scene of Nicolai Tchermishevski, Lomonosóf, Gogol, Pushkin, Lermontóf, Ivan Turgeniéff, Tolstol, Dostoievsky leaps to the memory and shakes the heart! How line after line, satire after satire, verse after verse of scathing, blazing prophecy of misery burns the cheek and overturns the order of one's Western peace in a passion of response to the cry of our brothers of Eastern Europe! The gloom and buoyancy, the reverence and fatalism, the egoism and the absolute self-sacrifice, the superb romance and the squalid materialism, the adoration of justice and the daily tyranny, the flashes of Titanic power and the naïve simplicity, the proud frankness and the silent pathos—how they look out at us from melancholy eyes, broad cheek-bones, and wide, low brows!

*Emperor and Galilean*, the longest, the least known, and the loftiest in aim of Ibsen's plays, though published in 1871, bears traces of the mental phase which produced *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*. The incidents adhere in the main to the history of Constantine and his wavering nephew. A few fanciful personages and events are introduced, for the most part rather clumsily. As, for instance, when a Persian, looking over a plain rapidly filling with soldiers, elaborates a theory of existence with would-be humor; when preparation for battle is made with so many travelling preliminaries that when the fight really does begin it is a matter of indifference who wins; or when Maximos, the Greek, drags through pages of talk about signs and appearances to drop down, in more

pages, into a sea of platitudes. But the first part is readable. Julian's attempts to hide his chagrin at being passed over by his uncle for his brother Gallos, his pained surprise at the avarice of a group of Christ's followers, his conversations with his friends about the new Faith, his temptation to throw off the yoke of simplicity and humility and join the joyous young men of Athens, all are interesting, though it is impossible to overlook the stiff helplessness in scenes demanding a man-of-the-world manner; and modified provincialism is perceptible throughout. But there is verve to be found, too, especially in the close when, Gallos's reign over, Julian is recalled, marries Helen, his brother's widow, and begins the course in Constantinople so momentous in Christian Chronology. Hoping for a direct revelation, won, yet repelled by the quiet omnipotence of the Seer of Galilee, faltering, returning to his allegiance, flattered, bewildered by treachery, haunted by memories of Hellenic splendor, faithless, ashamed, debased, he goes to his ruin, that Julian whom the ages know. A touch more, a firmer hold, a little deeper insight, and the character would have lived in literature! As it has left Ibsen's hand it is *fade*, ineffectual.

I have not found twenty people who have read this enormously long play. To the Devotee it is an unknown script.

We now turn to a new period in Ibsen's work. With the four preceding dramas he laid aside, we may conclude, the contemplative, controversial views with which they deal and gave himself up to the concrete, the commonplace, the uncompromising facts of the uncouth, sombrely immoral middle-class of his native country. The horizon is circumscribed, but Humanity is everywhere. Ambition is found in the cloister, hearts break in the

kitchen and scullery, no two men ever schemed alike, and the sorrows of lovers are always unique. Limited scope, therefore, need not matter; to a Master Hand it does not.

Is Ibsen's a Master Hand? The hinges creak somewhat as he throws open the doors to announce the new departure. Modesty has never been Ibsen's failing; *Man merkt die Absicht und wird dadurch—(Ein wenig)—verstimmt*. "Go to!" he seems to say, "all you who will not pay me attention. I am going to drop the grand thoughts and great aspirations; I am going to give up seeking for a clue to happiness and sadness and the turmoil of the Spirit, and I am going to force you to listen, by describing the habits of the barren, diurnal circle of the men and women who pass your Norwegian door."

The description begins with all the ill-regulated activity of the amateur photographer. He snaps everything that will stand still. Selection is unknown to him. *The Youth's Union* is a helter-skelter set of films: a lawyer twisting and turning for the favor of those of whom he can make use; a village magnate and his daughter; a friend of the lawyer, secretly betrothed to the daughter; a boor, half-peasant, half-broker, who mingles in the society of the town in an astonishingly familiar fashion; this man's daughter also secretly engaged to the Pastor—hereafter a stock character in Ibsen's work; a tittering old man, whose pleasure is malice; and a widow, the hostess of an inn. (As to verisimilitude, it is doubtful whether under the most Radical conditions in one village of one province of Norway three or four decades ago such elements would be found mingling on a mutual, social footing; hence at the outset by exaggeration Ibsen loses in power to convince. The artificiality, however, accomplished his object. His countrymen did listen. The paradox of a Council-

lor's daughter and the red-faced woman of a tavern grouped *under the same hood*, as their idiom puts it, made them talk. But there the novelty ceased. The atmosphere of the piece is trite to the verge of stageyness. Steinhoff, the attorney, transfers his affections from one to the other of the women with a rapidity worthy of a pantomime; while the scene in Malsberg's, the dignitary's house, when the ladies are primly placed within the three pairs of arms extended to enfold them, recalls the diversions of a Polter Abend. Selma, the predecessor of Nora Helmer, in her violence *à propos* of nothing reminds one of a canary attempting the eagle's swoop.

"Wozu denn?—Wherefore?" the listener asks; "O, nowhere in particular," responds the photographer, as he winds up his kodak to the next number, and looks about for more people "to take."

His prey is found in a country-house called, after its owner, *Rosmersholm*, a gloomy place, peopled by pasty, yellow-tinged individuals, whose faces tell us that they sleep in ill-aired rooms, see the sunshine rarely, and spend much time in pondering on their fate as citizens of a lurid universe, which their little fir-tree-enclosed plantation seems to them to be.

The Pastor here is Rosmersholm himself, a nobleman after the Norwegian meaning of the word, and, as far as the sixteen comedies show, the only gentleman whom Ibsen has essayed. But resemblances and reminiscences plague one. *Rebecca West*, a victim of what physicians describe as suppressed hysteria, turns out to be a feeble imitation of our old friend Becky Sharp, done into Scandinavian; a little lower in ambitions, not nearly so clever, not at all fascinating, with no sense of humor, a more modern edition of the adventuress, but the

English Rebecca's blood relation. Her ungainly manoeuvres and Rosmersholm's stupid pedantries are unredeemed by a single memorable passage. When the miserable details are brought to an end one closes the book with resentment. Brilliant wickedness the intellectual sinner may pardon; to the dull transgressor he owes no mercy. The play is a failure, pure and simple. It seems to have escaped Herr Ibsen that you cannot picture a quality unless you lodge it in a personality through whom, or in whom, the quality can evince itself as the motive quality. Manoeuvring exists in some women certainly, pessimism in some men; but the impetus must fit the character. Rebecca West could just as well have been a pedantic pessimist and Rosmersholm a manoeuvring land-owner. When Ibsen's literary executor begins to cull for his biographer, this, the fifth play in our enumeration, will doubtless pass to the list of the withdrawn.

*The Lady of the Sea* is in another mood, and shows a broader knowledge of conventional life, while retaining some of the poetic fancy of the dramatist's early days. In my own opinion Ibsen is here in fleeting moments at his best. "Do you think," asks Bolette, "it is right for an artist to get married?"

"Yes," replies Lynstrand:—"Yes, I think so; if he can find one whom he can heartily love; I—"

Bolette: "Still, I think he should rather live for his art alone."

Lynstrand: "Of course he must; but he can do that just as well, even if he marries."

Bolette: "But how about her?"

Lynstrand: "Her? Who?"

Bolette: "Her whom he marries: what is she to live for?"

Lynstrand: "She, too, is to live for his art. It seems to me a woman must feel so thoroughly happy in that."



Bolette: "H'm—but—I don't exactly know—"

Lynstrand: (With an air of conviction)—"Oh, yes, Miss Wrangel, you may be sure of it. It is not merely the honor and respect that she enjoys through him; that seems almost of the least importance. It is that she can help him to create, that she can lighten his work for him, be about him, see after his comfort and tend him well; make his life thoroughly pleasant to him. I should think that must be perfectly delightful to a woman!"

Bolette: "Ah! you, yourself, don't know how selfish you are!"

Lynstrand: "I selfish! Good Heavens! Oh! Miss Wrangel,"—(bending closer to her)—"when I am gone—and—that will be very soon, now—"

This is dialogue, these are real people; a Lynstrand would have just such an ideal of marriage; a Lynstrand would be astonished that admiration of him and ministering to his wants should not feed his wife's faculties.

*The Pillars of Society* may be called the last example of Ibsen's Second Period. It is a picture of hypocrisy, general enough to be acceptable upon the most conservative stage, the most actable of the plays, but exclusively theatre literature. A certain perfunctory air hangs over it which leads the reader to surmise that when the iconoclast has struck his blow and the excitement and confusion which prepare Bernick's confession are over, inspiration is spent. All the rest is mechanical.

A certain reviewer, usually a sober-minded, impartial critic, when asked his opinion of *Die Wilde Ente*, *The Wild Duck*, burst into loud laughter. Being pressed for an answer, he replied that his opinion was indicated by the adjective, and recommended, as a summary of it, the daily records of the nearest Sanatorium. If the earnest student—or even the flippant one—

wishes to know why, let him compare the reports of celebrated alienists with the second and last Acts of this lapse of intellectual self-control. It has never been dignified by analysis, even the analysis of the Devotee. Silence is the greatest compliment that can be paid it.

In the same category, but further down the line, we may place *Little Eyolf* and pass on to *The Doll's House*, which, in the discussion that it has called forth, abundantly compensates for any lack of attention suffered by the other two medical documents. The story is so familiar to the theatre-goer, and the general public has had Nora's battles so thoroughly fought out, over its head, in salons and ladies' clubs, that to give an outline of the situations would imply a recluse's existence. But one may be pardoned if, though at this late day, a voice be raised for Helmer—Helmer who says so little and is told so much by Nora and those of us who have constituted ourselves her champions. For this *geduldiges Lamm* of the domestic slaughter is the only character true to life even in Norway, the land—if one were to believe Herr Ibsen—of ever-present Pastors afflicted with incipient paresis, and caddishly morbid family physicians. As a would-be first document of a Tractarian Movement of Femininity, Nora's paroxysm is behind the times. The nineteenth century has *changé tout cela*, and *changé* so completely, that looking back to the date of Ibsen's exile, 1864, and the date of the publication of *The Doll's House*, 1879, the question arises whether, perhaps, in those fifteen years he had not, so to speak, lost count of the march of events near home. So far advanced are the Finnish and the Scandinavian women, that one is compelled to fancy that, in his delight in paradox, their compatriot overlooked facts. In Finland, Norway's nearest

geographical, if not racial neighbor, women vote not only on the School-Committee, that outer chamber to the hall of franchise, but for municipal affairs. They make their wills and participate actively, not by proxy, in the duties of citizenship. Nor are they abashed by the contingency of military service, the poser with which dissenting gentlemen in England and America confront their aspiring ladies. In this light *The Doll's House* becomes a protest against liberty rather than a plea for it, an irony launched against the misuses of liberty, in interference with the natural affections. But the valid objection is that which, as we begin to see, obtains throughout the author's work: unconvincingness and absence of a sense of proportion.

It is possible to imagine a woman—better, says Literature at our elbow, to be forced in the drama to remember just such people rather than to conjure them up—but, however that may be, we *can* imagine a woman jumping, even in an hour and a half, from a creature of latent, to patent emotion; but we cannot imagine an intellectually-uninstructed creature becoming, in a page and a half, the disquisitioner on a philosophy of life, based on Schopenhauer's chapter on the Will. The competence to balance motives as lodged in her husband and misconceptions as suffered by herself, so suddenly put forth by Nora, undoes the dignity aimed at.

In *Ghosts*, the objection gains in weight and becomes painful; for there it involves precipitous wreck of principle. "And what do you say to all this?" asks Pastor—inevitable character!—Manders, of Oswald's mother, after Oswald's return from France and his explication of his standard of morals, which includes a relationship to an orphan housemaid.

Frau Alving: "I? Well, I say that Oswald is right in every word!"

Pastor Manders: "Right! Right in such ideas?"

Frau Alving: "Pastor Manders, here in my loneliness I have come to the same way of thinking, but I never dared to speak of the subject. Well, now my boy shall speak for me!" 'This is a mother, remember, speaking of her son, her only child, whose character, in embryo, she loves so purely that she gives the boy up for fifteen or eighteen years, banishes him, that he may not be contaminated in his own home by the loathsome vices of his father. And the girl is her husband's child, her servant, the boy's sister! If such a debauchery of maternal pride were to be found in the whole wide world, which it taxes credulity to believe, the brutal desire and the heroic self-abnegation would not be lodged in one and the same mother's breast. For, note, she says she has dwelt upon the monstrous theme and is glad that her boy can now express for her the hideous thoughts that she dared not. Frau Alving is a manufactured mother upon whom Ibsen hangs a fabric of sublime unselfishness in order to contrast it with vile, diseased depravity. It is a ruffian-like insistence, from which the healthful mind revolts.

Compare, for a moment, that heart-breaking, slowly-tempted, wholly human deterioration of the strong, lovable Anna Karénina. How wide the difference between a master interpreter of heart and brain, and a perpetrator of erotic sensationalism! Oh that Tolstoi had not deserted literature for philanthropic fanaticism! We shall not see his like again for many a generation to come.

What need to dwell upon the remaining four of Ibsen's sixteen satirical comedies: *An Enemy of the People*, a mock apology to his countrymen; *Hedda Gabler*, the hackneyed theme of a woman's betrayal; *The Master Builder*,

an attempt at Maeterlinck's style of allegory; and that last wooden perseverance in the same form, *When We Dead Awaken?* They all repeat the artificer, rather than the creator. Read Ibsen, if you will; enjoy him, if you can, but do not exalt him into a teacher and provide him with a university chair. Wait and hear what the great wielders of language have shaped, what the universal thinkers have said.

Remember that Norwegian literature, as distinct from Danish and Swedish literature, is the youngest of civilized lands—younger even than that of the United States. It dates only from the year of the Treaty of Kiel, 1814. It would, perhaps, account for much that seems crude if we compared the lyrics of Jørgen Moe, the Bishop of Christiania who died ten or fifteen years ago, with Ibsen's verses: the *Unity of Norway*, *To Those Left Behind*, *A People's Sorrow*, *Life in the Mountain Tops*. We should, possibly, obtain a better perspective if we looked still further back to the patriotic poems of Arnold Wergeland, who antedates Ibsen by twenty years, and, again, forward to the novels of Jonas Lie, who is much his junior; and to the romances of Jacobina Collett, who was a contemporary of George Eliot. It is significant, too, to notice that the first critical essayist of our time, Sainte-Beuve, expended few of his priceless sentences upon Ibsen. Was it because the incisive French observer perceived that the lack of proportion, the desire to shock, and the incapacity to unfold character, which we have found to be conspicuous in him, rendered Ibsen a passing figure? Did he believe him to be a playwright, not scholarly, not too highly gifted, a man fulfilling his destiny as a link in his country's development of literature greater than he was permitted to see, or had the power to produce?

Nor need we pity the aged Norwegian, were such his mission, as he

slowly drifts out of life. To sow that others may reap has been a human fate from John, the Forerunner, downwards. Honor enough, to sow! What said the German dramatist the other day? "*Mit dem Wachsthum der wahrhaft Schöpferischen Kräfte wird auch die Kraft zur Beschränkung in beiden, wachsen, darin allein Meisterschaft sich vollendet. Denn Eitelkeit ist nicht Persönlichkeit, und Masslosigkeit, die das zarte Räthsel der Form, ohne von ihm zu wissen, zertrümmert, ist nicht Kunst.*"

"Extravagance, which splitters, tramples to pieces, Form, is not Art!" How the words ring out, in essence identical with that advice of Lessing to his brother Karl: "Cultivate your own character. Without that, I cannot conceive a good dramatic author." It is the youngest of Lessing's successors who speaks, whose life-experience has been gained amidst the psychological tossings of the transitional half of the Nineteenth Century; but so calm, so sure are the words that they might have been spoken by Goethe on the quiet road to Jena. How he meets the Father of German literature in his protest. For *Masslosigkeit*, Extravagance, is not Art. And the growth of the truly creative powers *does* imply a corresponding power to set their bounds.

There was a time, not very long ago, when honest young men tried to reason themselves into believing that literature could be great by sundering it from personality. "Art for Art's sake"!—how antiquated the phrase already sounds! But psychology has called a sharp halt in that sophism. Indirectly it has taught us that a part of a man, a portion of his functions in operation, makes but sorry results in the workaday world, and to hope for perfection in the world of beauty, without all the exquisite laboratory, bodily and spiritual, clicking, circling, palpitating, surging, is imbecility. And so through science we arrive at a new lesson in an old,

old truth, and demand that a man's work shall bear the stamp of the man's whole being. Ibsen withholds a part of his, and the portion withheld is his doom. The absence leaves him just this side of greatness. Because he avoided oneness with his kind and chose to stand outside and jeer at his

kind, he cannot take his place on the heights.

The test is, I think, infallible throughout the ages. Euripides ranks lower than Sophocles; Voltaire of France than Dante of Italy; Molière than Shakespeare; Swift than Robert Browning.

*The Contemporary Review.*

*A. Maynard Butler.*

## IN A DEVONSHIRE GARDEN.

### AT SEED-TIME.

There are moments—I suppose everyone has them—when one is inclined to rail at Destiny because certain things are enjoyed by others but withheld from himself. I try to do Destiny justice at such times. It is true, I tell myself, that you are, well, not so rich as you might be, not so good as you ought to be, nor so young as you used to be, and so forth; but, after all, you have this Devonshire garden of yours—don't forget that! Set it down to Destiny's credit, my friend, and write it bold and large.

Let me count up some of the delights of this garden of mine. In the first place it is in Devonshire: that, with all deference to and admiration for many beautiful sister counties, goes for something, for it means rich soil and soft air, and the earliest of early flowers and fruit. Then I can stand where I will within the limits of its walled acre and gaze my fill at the sea; and if there be no bird singing, my old friend, gently lapping the beach down there, or roaring in crested waves upon the higher shingle, always has a word for me. Then my garden slopes to the southward. Even at this winter season it is a delight to see the red earth smile up at the day, before ever a leaf or a blade has appeared to dash its ruddy

face with spring green. For the soil here, colored by old Devon sandstone, smudges red, not brown; in the sunshine it is good to look at, its broad smile seems to cheer the heart.

Then there are the birds, of whom I mean to say a great deal; they are interesting at all seasons. Then the rest of the community having a vested interest in the place: the field mice, the hedgehog and others; I admit all their rights.

Lastly, there are the potatoes, whose career begins long before spring, and whose culture is of immense interest to me; for I am assured that the little, the very little, gardening talent I possess is purely utilitarian. I know little of the culture of flowers: I leave such matters to my betters; but in the growing of vegetables, and especially potatoes, my horticultural instincts find full satisfaction. I love to take a potato, as it were by the hand, and lead him gently through the trials of his career: to plant him, to watch for his new appearance, to tend him in babyhood, to hoe him in his early youth, to earth him up in his adolescence, and finally to bring him at maturity to the triumphant harvesting.

In the little circle of those who, like myself, are at home in my Devonshire

garden, I am an acknowledged artist in potatoes; and there my reputation for gardening begins and ends. Occasionally I aspire to extend my efficiency to other branches of the art. At such times, if I say that I will go out to do a little gardening, I can generally—if I look for it—detect the embryonic beginnings of an indulgent smile upon the features of Someone whose word in the garden, even for the professional artist we hire for a daily wage, and of whom, except in the matter of potatoes, I stand in terror, is law. Perhaps she will softly suggest, according to the season of the year, that she had thought I had already hoed all the potatoes, or that surely my seed potatoes are all planted—in a word, she regards my sphere of usefulness in the garden as strictly limited to operations connected with the culture of potatoes. She is right, no doubt; I am no gardener, though I trust I shall not be condemned as a boaster if I suggest, in all modesty, that my cutting of asparagus is not inartistic; that I can decapitate with some skill a cabbage or a lettuce, I can also dig up celery and pull rhubarb, and I can mow the lawn and roll it.

However, it is known that potatoes are my *cheval de bataille*, and I am given scant credit for proficiency in any other branch of gardening. Thus, if I take a small hoe, and make as though I would wage war upon certain weeds that have caught my eye, I am quickly accompanied. I discern that I am distrusted. It is pointed out, perhaps, when I have nervously begun my work, that the little plants I am now destroying are not weeds, but baby broccoli or lettuce. Must it be admitted?—I once ruthlessly immolated an entire border of cherished little plantlets of mignonette, just showing their heads above the earth.

All this tends to make me distrust my own efforts in scientific gardening,

and drives me back, if I may so express it, to my potatoes. Thus, during the months of November, December, and January my occupation is gone: I must sit and wait until February, in which month I may joyfully begin my gardening year by "starting" my seed above ground and by planting it before the month is out. But long before February the thrushes burst into an occasional rapture of melody—"Summer is coming," they sing,

Summer is coming.

I know it, I know it, I know it!

and the song gives me heart of grace.

The robin, too, pipes daily requests that I will come and dig worms for him; but I am well aware that this is mere indolence on his part, for the ground is soft—too soft to be pleasant for him who would dig it, and my friend can easily obtain his own worms.

When, at last, February comes, my utilitarian instinct awakes to a new lease of life: I must dig and dig, work out the weeds, turn the soil and prepare it well with seaweed or other richness; above and beyond everything, get out my seed potatoes and gloat over them—the early ones. I must see that each little oval has its sturdy sprout or two before planting; that sprout means the gain of three weeks of time. So, at last, I sally forth with spade and basket to begin the season's digging, but I do not set out alone. The dog Ebenezer, otherwise known as the Autocrat, comes also. He runs in front of me, looking back over his shoulder, and his pale eye has a forbidding expression; so, at least, the ignorant would think of it. It is nothing of the sort, as a matter of fact. He merely desires me to hit at him with my spade, in order that he may bark at me and keep up a running fight, that's all. It is a point of etiquette with him that there must be no barking or ballyrag-



ging until I shall have given the signal, except in certain contingencies, when he reserves the right to consider my permission given; as, for instance, if I use the long wooden rake, the Autocrat falls upon that implement at sight, rendering my work very difficult by trying to worry the teeth as they move along, to the great jeopardy of his own. Neither may I roll the lawn without subjecting the heavy stone roller to his attacks.

No sooner do I set spade to earth than someone, who has been watching my arrival, well aware of my intentions, instantly appears from heaven knows where, and sits looking at me in profile, his neat little head cocked on one side, his bright little eye unwinking, fixed upon me: the robin. He is quite close, within a yard of me, for this robin and I are old and tried friends; possibly he regards me as his slave; at any rate, he knows very well that his expectations will not be disappointed, for my spade constantly reveals to him bounteous stores of luscious worm-food; nor, indeed, is he slow to help himself to the choice morsels as soon as uncovered.

The worthy individual who rented this garden before me must, I think, have manured his beds with old tennis-shoes and watered them with empty bovril-bottles and sardine-tins; for though his tenancy expired some years ago, his "remembrances," in the shape of the above articles, recur at almost every spadeful of earth that is dug up, if one digs deeply. That is why the Autocrat is so intensely interested in my work, almost as deeply so as the robin. Perhaps he is guiltily conscious that he too has buried certain treasures here and there: well-gnawed bones that will not yield another taste, but from which, nevertheless, no other dog may derive even the pleasures of hope. The Autocrat is very young; to dig up an old shoe and hand it to him is to afford

him exquisite delight until he has wearied of the plaything and left it or reburied it. But resurrect an old bone and he will take it with a grave face, if not with an actual growl, and disappear with it for quite a long while. There is always hope for him in a bone; it is also for ever a *casus belli* with dog or man if either be bold enough to interfere while the Autocrat is in possession.

There is nothing like seaweed for potatoes. Dig your ground in deep trenches; lay three inches of rotting seaweed in the first and fill up with the earth you dig out of the second, and so on. While doing so you will wish with all your heart that the sense of smell were denied you, but tribulation is good for the soul, and your suffering to-day will ensure you a hearty, goodly, merry crop of potatoes. Plant them shallow and loose; and—another and valuable secret for those who would do well with their tubers—keep the earth around the plants loose from beginning to end of their career. If you do these things, perhaps you will have early potatoes in the open by the third week in May, as we do; find a Devonshire garden with a slope southwards, and you shall be sure of it. Just now someone who is not a true member of our garden community passed along the path to see what I was doing—a rat. Unfortunately, we have rats in the garden. Their arrival dated from the time, a few years since, when my reputation as an artist in potatoes began to circulate above ground and below it. The pioneer was a large, cunning, hungry rat that came from I know not whence to batten upon my potato-pile in the outhouse. This rat was possessed of a devil. He had no fear, but his strategy was marvellous. He did not live in the outhouse: it was his banqueting-hall, and he feasted upon my substance with impunity until—But let me tell the story of his career,

working backwards from the happy day of its ending.

On the morning of that glad day a strange terrier suddenly ran into the backyard; something, I suppose, prompted him to look in and see what was going on in our premises. His sudden arrival resulted in a great tragedy, though his short stay in the yard was to him a season of unmixed happiness. He merely ran in and, almost instantly, ran out again; but during that instant he caught, seized, and slew our large, devil-possessed, garden rat. Now I had compassed the destruction of that rat for a very long time, but my schemes had invariably failed. Many terriers, known to local fame as inveterate rat-slayers, had been introduced to its haunts, had followed its scent with excitement, had pulled a beautiful bank to pieces—that in which was concealed the entrance to his castle—destroying it with ardor and regardless of the damage to property and feelings. They had watched day-long at his hole; it was all in vain. A year ago Someone had set a large and—as she informed me—unfailing rat-trap for the enemy, and on the same day at lunch-time had met the rat walking quietly homewards with the bait, a long piece of cheese, lying crosswise in its mouth. He winked his eye—or she imagined it—and passed on. It was, she admits, a humiliating moment. I have seen to it that Someone is not allowed to forget this tale. It is mentioned whensoever reference is made to a certain mignonne border once accidentally mistaken for weeds and zealously destroyed. About this time that rat found a mate. I knew he had done so: I saw the lady; and after a while I saw worse things. Five small creatures would accompany her when she visited her restaurant—the ashpit—for her meals. Occasionally their invincible father accompanied them, but I think he preferred to take his meals alone; possibly he regarded

the tradition as to safety in numbers as illusory. Now, without being of a cruel and bloodthirsty disposition, I must confess that I was deeply anxious that someone, cat, dog, or brickbat, should find means to make an end of that family—at any rate of the mother and infants: one had given up hope of vanquishing the invincible sire.

It was about this time that the Autocrat came to us; a delicious, round-limbed, overbearing, overwhelming Irish terrier pup, whose experience of this world and its troubles dated from but a very few months back. The Autocrat was chained up in the yard by reason of his overwhelmingness. If he were allowed to enter a room, everything in that room fell down within a very few minutes, for nothing could withstand the whirlwind rush of his circular gallop. He is made upon a very large scale, and his puppyish awkwardness is most pronounced, so that he cannot be allowed alone in the garden any more than in the house, therefore he is chained up in the yard; and here that misguided lady-rat met with an adventure at his hands which went near to proving the end of her natural career. The Autocrat was heard to be yelping in a distressed manner one afternoon, when it occurred to someone to see what ailed him. Then it was discovered that he had caught the rat as she ran across the yard; further that he held her tight pinned to the ground by his paws, and that he did not know what to do with her. Perhaps the Autocrat was in his extreme youth troubled with a conscience; if so, he has since quite grown out of the weakness. He did not know whether the rat was fair game or a pet. Unfortunately he misunderstood the instructions instantly given him and he let her go. Those instructions were, of course, untempered by merciful considerations. He was told, I believe, to "worry the brute," but unfortunate-

ly he was afraid of making a mistake, and she escaped.

Soon after she was caught by a friend of the Autocrat and killed, and one by one the young ones fell to the same experienced jaws. But the old sinner, the father, was never brought to book until the morning upon which a strange terrier darted into the yard at the fatal moment, and succeeded by accident where every deeply laid design had failed! Alas, before that catastrophe happened the old rascal had married again and reared children and grandchildren to his name, chips of the old block every one of them, who laugh at traps, treat the cat with contempt, and frighten the Autocrat out of his wits. Moreover, every thief of them has fattened his carcase upon my artistically grown potatoes, upon my strawberries (to which both they and the hedgehog are inordinately addicted), and upon everything in the garden that is tasty and toothsome. I sometimes meet one strolling along the paths, when he will scarcely condescend to go aside out of reach or to hide himself until I have passed. The rascals believe themselves to possess hereditary rights in the garden: a claim which I cordially dispute, though I admit that of every other bird and beast of our community.

The Autocrat uses the garden as a kind of cemetery for everything for which he has no immediate use. He comes by various articles without regard for considerations of honesty. If he likes the look of any such trifle as a shoe, a glove, a parcel, he will first take it out upon the lawn and play with it, worry it gently with blunted teeth, growl over it, arguing with an imaginary claimant to the treasure. Wearying of this, he will carry it to some piece of ground where the earth is soft and bury it there.

One day while digging in the garden I made a discovery of immense impor-

tance to a certain very small member of the establishment; upon the brown earth and partly buried therein lay a pair of tiny doll's trousers. How had these small articles come there? I looked at the Autocrat, who promptly averted his face, which means that the Autocrat pleads guilty. It occurred to me to carry the garment to someone who was at that time greatly interested in such things, concluding that it must surely belong to one of her numerous family.

Then ensued complications in that family which I little suspected when I innocently restored the treasure-trove to its owner. I had been made aware before this that one of her dolls was "an invalid for life," but to all inquiries as to the cause of so great an affliction, the only reply was that he was "too ill ever to get up any more." His illness was now explained. Their little owner received the new-found garments thoughtfully, and without the joy one expected to hear expressed.

"Aren't you glad to get them back?" we asked. "They're a little soiled, but nurse will wash them and they'll be all right."

"It isn't that," she said. "The Invalid was going to change into a girl to-morrow, you see, and was going to come down to stay with the others; now he'll have to be just himself again, and get up, and the visitor can't come. They *were* so looking forward to it!"

Somewhat puzzled, we asked for more light.

"Well, you see," she explained, "he had to be an invalid for life because he had lost these, and couldn't get out of bed. So he was going to change into a girl to-morrow, because I've lots of girls' frocks; and as she hadn't ever been a girl she had to be a visitor—pretending, you know—and they were all *so* looking forward to his—*her* coming to-morrow."

The little head of the family was not

disappointed, however, nor her expectant flock either, for though the Invalid rose from his bed of sickness a girl doll from the country came also, so that in spite of these complicated family arrangements the find proved of great importance to several members of the establishment.

Even the kitten likes gardening. Her share of the work consists in stalking the worker, darting out from unexpected places, losing heart when she has covered half the distance, and quickly darting back under cover.

The blackbirds have no confidence in the kitten; they regard neither her youth nor the season of the year. "A cat," they say, "is a cat, whether young or old, whether we have our bantlings to keep out of her clutches or whether we have only our own skins to protect!" Therefore they curse her at sight. Up hill and down dale they curse her, pursuing her with maledictions wherever she goes. You may know at any moment exactly where she is, because blackbird *père* and *mère* follow her up; and this spoils her stalking game, for naturally her surprises do not come off while two spiteful sharp-tongued persons are for ever sitting or flitting over her head, scolding, chiding, cursing, pillorying the poor thing until she must be sick to death of their voices.

What a nuisance they must be! They will not even allow her to sleep peacefully in some sunny spot she has found and occupied, but plant themselves close by to keep her awake with their maledictions. No wonder she rises presently, glares in their direction for a moment with a cold eye, opens her mouth as though to say something, shakes herself, and goes home in disgust.

If she had spoken just now, instead of discreetly controlling her temper, she would have said, "All right, my friends, wait till next May or so, and maybe I'll give you something to curse

about; I am told garden-fed young blackbird is alluring. I may even catch *you* in the strawberry net, you yellow-beaked old sinner! and if I do, *mon ami*, I shall gnaw your head!"

"Our kitty would never, never do such a horrid thing," remarked the owner of the Invalid. And when reminded that a thrush had been caught in the net with its poor head bitten clean off, she explained that this happened before the kitten was born, which was true.

"Kitties don't eat the birds," she said, "nor do pussies; it's only horrid *cats*."

"Aren't pussies cats?" we ask in our crass and helpless ignorance; and it was then we received the following explanation, which is quite convincing.

A kitty, it appears, is the "little kitten that plays." A pussy is the same animal come to its respectable maturity; a soft, clean, cosy thing that cuddles up on one's knee or lies before the fire. But a cat is a horrid lean thing, "that crosses the road very quickly in the evenings, creeping along, and goes into the opposite garden."

"And what are the things that squall in the night?" I asked.

"Cats, of course!" she said. "As if our dear, sweet little puss would be so horrid."

Alas! I have known kitty's mother disgrace herself in this way of a dark night; but there—let her keep her reputation. To give pussy away and brand her for the cat she is would occasion grief in certain quarters—let the old sinner pose for the saint she is believed to be! Last year a strange cat—no question of passing as a plous pussy this one!—brought into being and successfully reared a whole family of youngsters in one of my potato trenches. She established herself there after the last earthing, just as though she knew that she would then have three months, if she liked, of undisturbed domestic felicity. She would never have

been discovered at all but for the fact that two small chickens were presented to the Invalid's mother and placed for the night in a home improvised from a packing-case with wire-netting to form a "run."

In the morning the chickens were not. The home was empty, the wire netting had been climbed upon and bent over, and a tell-tale track of feathers led to the spot in which was now discovered the little feline establishment above mentioned.

Their disappearance had to be accounted for in some less tragic manner, for the true tale of their hard fate would have occasioned a sorrow too great to be borne. They must have felt nervous of sleeping in a strange place, it was said, and therefore went home to their mother. "But how did they find their way?" it was asked, and, alas!—for falsehood breeds falsehood—quite a series of fibs had to be composed before the explanations were found convincing.

There is something very fascinating about the digging up of a mature potato plant. It is so deliciously prolific. The sight of a dozen strapping sons of a poor little wizened tuber but half the size of a bantam's egg is most exhilarating. What a return for one's outlay!—two thousand per cent, at least, judged by weight; how generous nature is! There is something, to me, so alluring in the excitement of digging up the plants and revealing the wonderful things that summer tide has been doing, unseen, beneath the surface that—must I confess it?—I waste many plants during the growing season through sheer inability to keep my hands off them. I must dig one up, from time to time, to see how they are getting on; yea, though I am well aware that I spoil a plant at each foolish surrender to curiosity, and though there are those about me who are certain to observe the evidence of my

weakness and to laugh me to scorn therefor!

I think some of the birds know well enough what is the meaning of the beginning of work in the garden. When they see me, for instance, beginning to busy myself with seed potatoes about February, they say to one another, "Look, there's what's-his-name beginning to dig worms; that means summer's coming!" and lo! one is suddenly charmed at his work by the first outburst of the familiar thrush-song, or the first joyous notes (like the beginning of a merry whistled lilt by some happy schoolboy) of the jolly blackbird. Then, if you watch, you may see the beginnings of a nest in this plum-tree or that cherry, and presently the nest is finished and duly equipped with a complement of eggs. Most likely it will soon be deserted, for there will be cold winds and dank weather, and dear, sanguine Mrs. Thrush will see that she has been misled by the February sunshine and the delusive occupation of the worm-digging human. But this will not damp her spirits, nor in any way depress that splendid vocalist, her burly lord. They will wait a bit, and then quietly build another nest and lay a second batch of eggs as if nothing had happened.

I have heard it declared that each individual thrush prefers to use one particular stone for the breaking of his snail-shells; but our thrushes seem to be quite impartial as to this; they leave fractured remnants all over the garden, though certain stone steps outside my study door are perhaps the favorite, and certainly a highly convenient place for the purpose. All day I can hear the "tap tapping" as old Father Thrush dashes some poor snail, house and all, against the sharp corners. I think they are his favorite food. What a wonderful ear the fellow has for worms, too! He can hear one moving underground. Watch him stand upright and



listen on the lawn. Suddenly he has heard a worm behind him, maybe, and three yards away; but in an instant he is over the spot, his beak plunges into the earth with almost unerring certainty, and out comes the poor wriggling victim. There is a gobble and a gulp, and lo! it has disappeared and he is listening for another. All the birds in my Devonshire garden are fat; the place suits them.

So are the field-mice, of which we support, I believe, several families. One such family I rudely unearthed yesterday—though quite accidentally. My spade happened upon a nest of seven—nearly full-grown, fat, chubby little things—and sent them flying with a clod of earth it brought up. It was the absurdest thing to see the drowsy little creatures struggle to their feet and make off in a sleepy fashion, apparently but little put out by their wholesale and sudden upheaval. One little fellow ran back over my foot, and stopped a yard away to rub his eyes with his fists and—yes, actually *yawn*.

None of them took the trouble to hurry themselves, and their hiding was merely perfunctory; I could see and might have killed every one of them, but spared them for two (if not more) reasons; one, that I don't think they do much harm excepting to eat up any peas or other seeds that happen to be planted where they come across them; and, two, that I believe I have a kind of superstition, borrowed from the Greek Church, anent the sparing or releasing of birds and beasts.

I have read somewhere that the release of a caged bird represents, for the orthodox, a sin forgiven—during Lent, at any rate. This is a pretty and withal a convenient doctrine, for it is worth while hedging a little when it is so easily done; though, as I was rudely informed, when mentioning the tradition to a friend and my liking for

it, "It would have to be a very large bird to do *you* any good, old chap."

I forgave this ill-mannered remark because I happen to know that the idea took root in that rude fellow's imagination and bore fruit. Not long afterwards he was passing, he told me, an unoccupied house a mile away from his own, when he observed a starling within beating itself against the closed windows in unavailing efforts to get out, having imprisoned itself by falling down the chimney. My friend actually took the trouble to return to the town, procure the house-agent's keys, and release that starling. I forgive him, as I say, his rude remark for this act, and I hope the recording angel will take as lenient a view of his bad manners and forgive him also.

I must say I like starlings. Their energy delights and their vocal efforts fascinate me. In feeding they are the most catholic of birds, and will sample anything. I have seen them fight over a bit of indiarubber, part of an old tennis-shoe. Towards humans they are among the most friendly of birds.

There is one particular hedge-sparrow in the garden who has, for some reason, a rooted antipathy to me. He chides and curses me at sight. The garden, he thinks, is not big enough for us two; and he is clearly of opinion that I am the one who ought to go. I tolerate the impudent little rascal for his sublime impertinence, even though I am almost certain he robs my pea-pods, which is really rather a serious offence, for there are plenty of other foodstuffs for him, and peas are an acquired taste and a vicious withal.

How many weeks ought to elapse between the sowing of a potato and its maturity as an "Early," which, of course, is only semi-maturity? Of all the kinds I have tried, I find the quickest grower is "Early Puritan," and that from start to finish, that is from plant-

ing to boiling, he requires from ten to eleven weeks.

Ashleaf, a yellower and firmer potato, takes a week or two longer. If you would have my opinion on the best potato to sow for a main crop, I give it with all the self-satisfied confidence of the amateur: try "Up to Date," the cleanest, prettiest, best cropping, and best keeping potato under the sun; this with all deference to many other excellent varieties, such as Windsor Castle, Scotch Kidney, White Elephant, and others. With deference, also, to the opinions of those whose knowledge in comparison with my own is as fifty to one. But remember to plant your seed shallow and loose, and to keep the earth loose about the growing plants. When you have finally earthed them up, keep your hands off them if you can, and don't dig up one here and another there to see how they are getting on; they will get on all right; this, however, is a counsel of perfection, for I confess that I cannot do as I preach in the matter of keeping my hands off.

I suppose it is an inherent taint in my nature, but I must confess that I do love the speculative element in the growing of potatoes: digging up the plant is like dipping in the bran-tub or drawing your ticket at a lottery; it is the uncertainty that is so fascinating, the faint atmosphere of gambling that clings to the function. One sees the peas or the beans, the apples or the plums grow and mature under one's eyes: one is sure of them beforehand, and knows approximately what may be expected from each plant. But the tuber grows and develops in secret; adding ounce to ounce underground he may, for all one knows, be assuming enormous proportions; each spade-turn, when digging-up time begins, may reveal the champion potato, some enormous fellow of the size of a small Rugby football: the excitement does one

good, and gives a zest to life so long as it lasts.

With me, in my Devonshire garden, it lasts a fairly long time, for I plant some four thousand seed-potatoes every spring. The digging up of these—of the early detachment—begins in May; when these are all up I have to possess my soul in patience for three months, from July till the end of September, and it is during this period of inactivity that my fingers itch to sample a potato plant here and another there, in order to satisfy that craving for knowledge of what is going on beneath the surface, which can only be satisfied by sneaking into the trenches when certain persons are not looking and digging up just *one* plant, and perhaps afterwards just *one* other.

March is a busy month—the most important of all in a garden, and the work is done to the unceasing music of the birds. Throughout this month and April every winged thing is intoxicated with love-ardor. My lord blackbird, even though he were shy hitherto, has no time now for foolish fears; the days grow longer daily, but they are not long enough for the joy of living.

"Go it, ye cripples, dig for your lives!" he seems to troll out in his merriest stave, as Garge the gardener and I ply our spades for all we know, saving this profitable hour. "Dig up the worms for me and my missus; five lovely eggs, my dear sir, and every one of them going to hatch out into a black-bird—think of that!"

And old Johnny Thrush, but a few yards away, takes up the tale with his "Baby Jem, Baby Jem, Baby Jem! Oh the jolly time, oh the jolly time! See my missus, see my missus! She'll do it, she'll do it, she'll do it!"

And do it she will. She will hatch out those pretty blue eggs of hers and rear her little speckled family of Baby Janes and Baby Jems, until suddenly there are half a dozen little strangers,

fat, full-grown fledglings, running and flitting about the garden, hiding from the cat, and waiting for the ripening of the strawberries which have grown with them.

Luckily for a certain artist in the potato department, they can't get at his bantlings; but Heaven help all the fruit—currants, strawberries, raspberries, cherries—which is not netted in time! for if the season be dry, every little rascal of a thrush and each little villain of a blackbird will account for several times his own weight of fruit *per diem*.

"Leave saucers of water about," say the gardening papers, "and thus save your currants and other juicy fruits."

Leave the water about by all means, say I: the little rascals will be delighted to see it; they will bathe in it and enjoy themselves amazingly; but do not make the mistake of supposing that they will spare your fruit therefor! On the contrary, bathing promotes appetite, and they will return to your strawberries with renewed vigor and capacity.

Do you know who has lately—that is, last summer—been convicted of strawberry-stealing? One who was never suspected, whose character—as an insectivorous and wholly praiseworthy person—was ever believed to be unimpeachable: the old hedgehog. The crime was brought home to him, however, upon irrefutable evidence; he was caught red-handed. Nay, more; though carried away and placed a hundred yards out of temptation, he returned again and again to the scene of his dishonesty; he would have strawberries; and nothing but strawberries, during their season, was good enough for him.

A remarkable thing this: that so many of the birds are taken in by a few warm days in February or early March. Let the sun but shine brightly for a few hours, and the fancy of a

dozen pairs of little winged lovers in this garden turns as naturally as possible to thoughts of nest-making and family rearing; old stagers, too, some of them, who have wasted a nestful of eggs many a season before this, and should have acquired—one would think—the wisdom of waiting.

Some, on the other hand, are not taken in by the sham springtide; they wait, and doubtless laugh at those who allow themselves to be deceived.

Have you ever watched a pair of sparrows when first the house-hunting and building mania comes upon them? How stupendously busy they are, especially the cock, and what a tremendous lot he has to say! As a matter of fact, his missus does all the real work, and he supplies all the theory, which she consistently disregards.

Not that Mrs. Sparrow works impetuously, as though time permitted of no deliberation. On the contrary, she uses the greatest deliberation in the performance of every action, however trivial. Watch her when she is considering the eligibility of, let us say, a bit of string which she has found in the garden path, as material to be used in the building of a nest over which she is busy. First she will sit upon a gooseberry twig a yard or two away, and inspect that morsel of string from the south-east.

Then she will flit over to the apple-tree close by and study it from the north-west. Then she will examine it from other points of the compass. At last she will hop up to it and pull it about—apparently accepting it, but rejecting it again, still uncertain as to its suitability for some purpose exactly defined in her foolish little mind. At last she will decide to use it, and, seizing it, she will fly up to her nest with the treasure; but, vacillating once again, she drops it at the very threshold, and sits upon the roof a little while, eyeing it and chattering; explaining to her

lord, perhaps, that it would have done well enough if it had been longer or shorter, or thicker or thinner, or Heaven knows what. Finally she will flit down and carry it away to use, and behold! to-morrow she has turned it out once more, and it lies upon the garden path a rejected thing. Not for long, however, for either she herself or some other bird has removed it next time one looks for the much-considered scrap.

That conceited and self-assertive little person her lord and master is far less deliberate in his actions. He is more certain of himself, being convinced that he knows everything, and that to consider and weigh and deliberate is a waste of time.

He is anxious to help with the nest-making, and holds forth without ceasing while his lady builds. Occasionally he lends a hand. He catches sight of a straw, it may be, or a small piece of stick, and it occurs to him that here is the very thing his foolish wife has sought for days and failed to find. What does *not* occur to him is that he is a garrulous old incompetent, and knows no more about nest-building than he does about the laying of eggs. His wife knows all about him, however, and the straw is turned out of the nest again as soon as his back is turned. He has probably placed it in some impossible position, and—after explaining what a marvellous fellow he is, and what a treasure he has brought up in the way of building-material—departed, forgetting all about the matter in a moment or two. Even when he sees that straw lying upon the garden path, so conceited is he that he does not recognize it, because he cannot contemplate the possibility of its rejection by the missus. He thinks he has found another treasure. "There," says he, dumping it down by her side as she sits resting, perhaps laying a little egg, in the semi-completed nest; "there's

another splendid straw; how is it you don't come across them? I can find them whenever I like!"

Someone has somewhere declared that of all birds the sparrow is the only one who is positively harmful in a garden—does, that is, more harm than good.

I am afraid there may be truth in the saying; for indeed he is a terribly mischievous little rascal, there is no escape from that fact. His appetite—of course—is absolutely unlimited, and he will eat almost anything. One would forgive him his appetite, however, for after all he is easily stuffed with crumbs from the table and such delicacies, and the young shoots should thus be saved from his depredations. But, alas! he is harmful out of pure mischief.

He picks off the fruit buds from currant and gooseberry bushes without the smallest intention of doing anything more than tasting each and casting it aside; and he will nibble the shoots of baby sweet-pea plants just to see what they are made of and what manner of flavor is theirs, his wicked little carcass being, at the time, so stuffed with good breadcrumbs and other delights that he scarcely has energy enough to be mischievous.

How the young sparrows survive their youthful days is always a mystery to me; for of all the overfed little rascals in the garden, they are by far the worst.

This for two reasons: first, the sparrow, I always think, is a bad parent in that he is too easily talked over by his plausible youngsters, and believes them because they have inherited from him the gift of the gab; and secondly, because these same youngsters are such little liars from the first that they are able to persuade their parents—who ought to know that no child of theirs is likely to be truthful—that they have not tasted a particle of food, even when

they are actually at the moment, to express it mildly, replete.

Yet, for all their wickedness, I think I would not have my sparrow community away. I like them; they are jolly, animated little bodies, and their twittering is welcome sometimes, when there are no grander voices to be heard in the garden. Moreover, I admit their vested right as members of the garden society. One can discount their mischief by taking proper precautions against it beforehand: as by dusting soot over the sweet-pea lines, or squirting with quassia any bushes or trees liable to their depredations.

Now, in February, when other important matters are going on in the garden as well as the planting of potatoes, one cannot afford to forget these precautions, for that mischievous brown imp Jock Sparrow is not the only person who will look out for the upcoming of the earliest pea-shoots. If we would have our first dish of peas by the first of June—and we sanguinely hope, in our Devonshire garden, that this will be the case—we must see that the lines are well peppered with soot; for Jock and others know very well that we have planted peas, and that certain tender and succulent little green growths will presently result, which may be nibbled down to the roots with profit and enjoyment. Look out, too, for the earliest buds on your plum-trees and your peaches; for Jock has his eye on all these, and even though he be not hungry, he will destroy them in the wanton desire to pass his time as mischievously as possible. But the sun has come out, and a thrush is trolling out a full-pitched song—

Summer is coming, Summer is coming.  
I know it, I know it, I know it!

Every day he sings it with more insistence; he is so sure of it that one must take his word and hasten to get

through with the sowing of those early potatoes.

The earth is almost carmine as it smiles up at the sunshine; down below the sea looks patchy in bright greens and very dark blues, and the gulls on the shore are dazzling white as they stand, face to the wind, doing nothing. Friend robin flits in front of the window, challenging attention. "Come out and dig me some worms," he is saying as plainly as actions can say it. A second thrush has embarked upon his bracing song: "Oh, the jolly time," he repeats; and then, "See my missus—see my missus!"

"Summer is coming," replies insistently Number One. "I know it, I know it, I know it!"

Poor old thrush, he is one of the deluded ones, and will presently back his conviction that summer is coming by persuading his faithful spouse to set up her springtide establishment many a week too soon. Summer will come, thank goodness, but it is still three months away!

All that these three months mean for the garden, all the magic that will go on beneath the surface of the earth during that period, what human mind could fully imagine?

For there is not an inch of soil that will not presently be instinct with silent, teeming life; every particle of every tree and shrub, above ground and below, will be alive with moving sap, and the spirit of growth will be a-hum everywhere.

These very seed potatoes which I am now planting, only think what is before them these twelve weeks! For they must first put out shoots upwards and form roots downwards; then, while themselves rot and disappear, their progeny must take shape in the silence and darkness which is beneath this red earth. I, with my hoe, shall do what I can for them up here, and they in their secret cells will develop day



by day; and lo! by the end of the three months all will be over with them: the growing and the being finished, the rapture of their up-digging enjoyed, even their cooking happily accomplished—they will have been eaten, perhaps

Longman's Magazine.

praised, certainly forgotten. *Sic transit gloria.* Meanwhile I am only dibbling them in, to the tune of "Summer is coming. I know it, I know it, I know it!"

Fred Whishaw.

## THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### GOSSIP.

It could not but be expected that such a romantic episode as the transformation of Mr. Charles Cross, assistant curator at the Ashenhead Museum, into Sir Caradoc Crosby should excite great interest in every circle in the place. Opinions differed much as to the wisdom and propriety of Mr. Elsworthy's conduct in the matter. He told the exact truth to every one who had a right to ask him about it. He had never concealed the fact that he knew very little of the young man who had saved his life and his daughter, in the railway accident. He now owned that he had been convinced that he was a person of gentle birth, but that he had not known who he was until just before he was summoned home by the news of his elder brother's death. There had been a quarrel with his father, but the young man's conduct had been excellent at Ashenhead. Mr. Elsworthy lost in him a valuable assistant and a pleasant housemate. Of course the death of his father brought the arrangement to an end, though the young baronet found the family affairs so much embarrassed that he would have to earn his living in some other way.

Yes, he had come to say good-bye, and Mr. Elsworthy hoped they might see him at intervals. His daughter

had made Miss Crosby's acquaintance at Beachcombe when staying with her aunt.

Was it likely that the intimacy of a mysterious young man and a well-known young lady would pass without more comment than this? Elsie Elsworthy might hold her little head as high as she liked, and talk with determined ease about Sir Caradoc Crosby, but there was no doubt that he had paid her attention—and she liked him, oh yes, she liked him—look how fond she was of that ugly little dog!

If she was dazzled by the chance of being my lady, it was a bad look-out for her, for every one knew what the Crosbys of Marsdale were like.

The professional and commercial folk of Ashenhead had many links with Northborough and Ashby. The romantic story of Caradoc's quarrel with his father on account of a beautiful peasant-girl was no secret, and it was a story which could be told in more than one way.

Many tales were told, and they were brought to Elsie's ears by Mattie Danvers, an old school companion, with whom she had always kept up one of those affectionate if somewhat uncongenial intimacies which are not among the worst things of life, and which have a way of lasting when more interesting relations fade and fall.

Mattie's father had retired from busi-

ness and owned a good deal of house property in Ashenhead; she had several brothers, one a doctor in Ashby, another articled to a solicitor in Northborough; she herself had been one of the beauties of Ashenhead ever since she was fifteen, as dark as a gipsy, with splendid eyes, curly black hair, and the most bewitching of faces. She behaved herself on the whole with discretion, but every young master in the grammar-school knew her by sight, all the boys had been more or less in love with her all through her teens, and people showed "the pretty Miss Manvers" to each other at church and in the street.

Elsie's young triumphs had been smaller if more solid, and as she had embodied discretion to her friend ever since they were both thirteen, perhaps Mattie was not very sorry for a chance of turning the tables on her. Mattie had overlooked "Mr. Cross" as an uninteresting assistant, and, what was much more surprising, he had overlooked her.

"You know, Elsie, you ought to have told me all about it," she said, as the two girls were together in Elsie's bedroom, with an array of spring hats and dresses laid out for inspection on the bed.

"All about what?" said Elsie.

"Why, all about Mr. Cross's real name. I'm sure you knew it."

"I did guess it," said Elsie, "when I met Miss Crosby at Beachcombe, but I never spoke of it at all. He did not know I knew it. I thought it was none of my business!"

"H'm! Now, Elsie, really and truly, honor bright, did you never see him before the railway accident?"

"Never! What do you mean?" said Elsie indignantly.

"Oh, well, there's a fine story about, that it was all to get near you that he came here."

"What utter nonsense!" exclaimed

Elsie hotly. "I hope you'll contradict it right and left."

"Ah, well, Elsie. But after he came? Come, you can't deny there was something?"

It is very hard to throw dust in the eyes of a contemporary. When there is "something," no girl can carry herself as if there was nothing at all.

Elsie, however, held her own.

"I'm not such an attractive person as you, Mattie," she said demurely. "People can live near me and keep their heads and their hearts too. But now, look here, I'm not going to deny that it was a great surprise when father's assistant turned out to be Mr. Caradoc Crosby, and I am not going to chatter about it. If people want to talk, let them."

"Ah," said Mattie, but I do think you ought to know what people do say."

"I don't want to hear any silly stories," said Elsie; but she was human, and she did not shut her ears.

Mattie sat on the end of the bed, with her chin on her hand, and an expression of sympathetic wisdom on her pretty gipsy face.

Elsie sat in a low chair, picking the trimming off a hat. Quince, lying at her feet, gnawed the feathers as they fell unheeded on the floor.

"You know," said Mattie, "there never was such a bad lot as the Crosbys. Old Sir Caradoc was as wild and wicked as ever he could be, and his brother did something dreadful about money, and has been hidden ever since. The only good one was the poor fellow who was killed out in India. And this one—it's quite true, Elsie, for Fred at Northborough knows all about it—this one was sent down from Oxford and had an awful quarrel with his father. It was about a girl—quite a common girl—though very beautiful. He was in love with her and he nearly killed her husband on the wedding-day.

The man never got over it, and now he is dead. Of course Fred didn't say any more, but it's an odd thing. Anyhow, the baronet turned him out. He was running away when you met him. And you see he was ashamed of his own name—so disgraceful!"

"Well?" said Elsie, with ominous patience.

"Well! He hasn't got a farthing, he is quite ruined, and he is over head and ears in debt. Fred says he must sink down just to a working farmer's level. And most likely he'll marry the beautiful widow—he has been seen talking to her. That is if she'll have him, for there's something worse than all."

"And what's that?"

"Why! as soon as he heard that his poor brother was dead, he thought it was worth while to go and make it up at home. And then, you know, they met, he and his father—both with the most awful passions in them, and—well, they say no one knows quite how Sir Caradoc met his death. It's very queer. It was all hushed up at the inquest, but they say there are those who could tell something if they would. But there might have been a struggle—or a blow. People wonder. And all the old place is going to be sold to a hydropathic company, and Sir Caradoc, they say, will disappear. But I thought I ought to tell you what they say."

"Then will you ask your brother Fred, or any one else who thinks it his business to know about Sir Caradoc Crosby's character, to go to my father, and ask him to tell them how much of all that fine melodramatic story is true. He could give them the right information, and they might be interested. If it's any one's business to inquire."

"He couldn't have told Mr. Elsworthy that he killed his own father!"

"Well, no! I don't think he had any talent for fiction."

"Elsie, I know you're angry when you say those little quiet clever things.

You always did instead of flying out. But I haven't told you from unkindness. I know if you did take to any one it wouldn't be nonsense, and I don't say that you have taken to him, I wouldn't dare, but you know as well as I do, that under all the circumstances it was likely enough that any girl would. Especially if he is the sort of gay deceiver that people say."

"Well, Mattie, when you see me pining away on his account, you'll know you did your best to prevent it. I am very sorry to learn there's all this talk, but I suppose it's just how things get misrepresented. And as you say, when he had quarrelled with his father, he took a false name, which was very foolish. But we have all resolved not to add to any difficulties he may have, for we all like him very much, by talking, just because things are so easily misrepresented. And especially, I don't want to be mixed up with gossip; for Lady Crosby and Miss Crosby have gone to Beachcombe to live, so when I stay with my aunts I shall be sure to meet them, as the Miss Tremadocks, Viola's aunts, are their very oldest friends. So you see it isn't as if we were never to hear any more of him."

"Well, Elsie," said Mattie, "I don't think you're quite kind. If you had only told me the truth, I'd have gone about and contradicted it all everywhere."

"That would have been kind," said Elsie, with a smile.

But she was grave in an instant. She did not dare to begin laughing, she did not know when she would stop. She was deadly cold, and she had snipped her hat all to pieces. If Mattie would only get up and go!

And when Mattie finally went, by no means deceived as to Elsie's interest in the young baronet, but a little shaken in her view of his depravity, Elsie felt very angry and very miserable. That "lie that was half a truth" was not

only difficult to confute, it was not certainly easy to disbelieve.

The thought of the beautiful Agnes brought a sting. For what did poor Elsie know? To the natural ignorance of the girl as to the man, she added ignorance of an environment so unlike her own that she could neither test nor judge it.

Mr. Elsworthy heard the same thing in soberer form from other quarters. He was inclined to trust Caradoc, and gave no credence at all to the rumors of a last fatal quarrel between him and his father; but the gossip intensified his desire that Elsie should "forget" the lover who had come so strangely into her life. The more he thought about the connection, the less he liked it. Reasonable prudence, ingrain and surviving prejudices, all made him feel that the thing was unsuitable, unlikely to bring happiness.

He was quite incapable of trying to coerce his daughter, but he blamed himself for imprudence, and wondered if Caradoc had told him all the truth.

"Thee acted for the best," said Miss Sophia; "thee could do no more. And though it may well be that Caradoc Crosby will not have the strength of will, nor such dependence on the true Help as will enable him to rise above his temptations and overcome his difficulties, yet I do not believe he deceived us. He loves Elsie truly now, and he has told the truth as he knew it. That he will be faithful to her or to his better self, will be more doubtful."

"Such is my own impression," said Mr. Elsworthy, "and I don't like the prospect."

"There is another thing, David. I do not say that he has found religion, or that he walks in the light, far from it. But he is one in whom the Spirit stirs, and I pray that it may prevail with him."

"Yes, he's got a soul," sighed Mr. Els-

worthy, in different language. "God knows where it will lead him!"

"I pray daily for him," said the good lady simply.

She looked up and saw Elsie standing within the door, her face pale, her eyes wide and attentive. She did not speak, but a light shone through the mist and fog in her soul, and her own spiritual life woke up in the effort, which she then began, to aid her lover's.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### REPENTANT.

While Caradoc, during the next few weeks was thus living on the shady side both of fortune and friendship, Viola as she expressed it to herself felt "like a sold puppy." Her aunts rejoiced in feeling that now she really belonged to them, and the fact made a difference in their treatment of her. A girl on a visit, especially when a marriage engagement seemed imminent, had been left to take her own way, but now Viola was at home and they were able to put their ideas for her welfare into practice.

They fitted up her room with everything she could wish for, they gave her a liberal allowance and took care that she had all she needed in the way of dress, and had she been a few years older, a little more experienced in the ways of the world, she must have felt and shown gratitude for their kindness.

But Viola was a child and a very miserable one. It seemed natural to her to be taken care of, and her soul was full of passionate home sickness. When the young heart feels that all its best feelings are bound up in the sorrow, which it is a duty to "get over," that duty seems a poorer and meaner thing than the faithful cherishing of the sorrow. To be happy without Uncle Quince and Biddums; to like to look at wide blue sea, instead of frown-

ing crags and steep hill sides—all this meant to be no longer Viola Crosby.

The aunts were very patient; who could fail to be patient with a girl who had lost father and brother and home? But they did not intend to leave her to her forlorn despondency. She was musical, and they provided singing-lessons and suggested that she should learn to play the violin. They would have liked to insinuate a few French conversation lessons, and they read aloud in the evening. It was their hope and indeed their expectation that George Winterton would come back from New York and that the interrupted engagement might be resumed; they were not averse to making Viola feel the difference between a young lady just about to make a prosperous marriage, and one who had to find resources and interests for herself.

Viola did not grumble to Lady Crosby, who carefully avoided any counter influence. She thought that "the mother" liked Beachcombe and its sunshine, and its spring flowers far too well.

Nor did she write complaining letters to Mr. Quince or to Crad. "They can't help it," she said to herself, and she knew they had to bear a good share of the family burden.

But she poured out her woes to Ned Mason, and received kindly letters of good advice in return, which certainly had the effect of making her more amenable.

The aunts did not like this correspondence.

"He is no more her brother than George Winterton is," said Miss Tremaddock, "I don't approve of imaginary relationships."

"Poor child!" said Alethea. "It would be hard to check anything that she really likes."

"And," said Laura, who was more a woman of the world than her sisters, "in these days, we could hardly prevent

her from writing to a young man friend in any case—best not stir the question."

"She will never settle while she is always looking back," said Bessie, who was a pertinacious person.

"She is a tiresome girl," said Laura, "and I doubt if she will settle."

"If the Trelevens would have Elsie to stay with them again, Viola liked her, and she is a reasonable being and would do the child good," said Alethea.

The Miss Trelevens were only too ready. They sent an urgent invitation, and Elsie, with the not very willing assent of her father and aunt, came. It was not the way to think less of Caradoc Crosby, but it might be the way to get such information about him as might serve to prove the vague rumors which attacked his credit false. No one at Beachcombe had the faintest idea that she had any personal relations to him, and she felt quite able to keep her own counsel. She longed to help and comfort his sister, and besides she would not have been human if she had not felt that it was well to appear to his family as the favorite of his aunts, and as a *persona grata* in Beachcombe society.

The two girls sat on a bench at the bottom of the Miss Tremaddocks' garden. A little boat with a white sail vignetted itself against a dark blue sea and a light blue sky, within a frame of laburnums and red hawthorns. The early morning sun was warm as June.

"It is lovely!" said Elsie, looking out to sea.

"It's stuffy and glaring," said Viola. "I hate this place. It's all made up and invented. You can't get your feet on the ground. Everybody's just alike; a set of ladies who go to church and afternoon teas. There isn't any real life or real people."

"I expect every one has their real life, just as you have," said Elsie, "under their best hats and bonnets."



"Well, it's not my life. It never will be. Suppose I do learn the violin. I know uncle Quince would laugh at all the girls who play it here. He'd stop his ears from them. And they want me to have French conversation classes! As if one could talk French in a class before a lot of strangers!"

"That sounds rather as if you were about fourteen," said Elsie. "Aunt Ethel has offered the classes to me, and I shall be very glad to go to them."

"Oh, well, I shouldn't mind going with you. Though I expect they got you here on purpose to tackle me."

"Well, don't you want to be tackled?"

"No! I'm a constant person. I shan't forget Marsdale. I only wish Crad and I could have had a farm and lived there. We could have got along. But it's all going to be sold to that hateful hydro. Uncle Quince says it ought to be called the hydra not the hydro. The hydra, you know, was a Greek monster with ever so many heads."

"Yes—I know. But Vi, I don't think it would have been good for you to live on a farm, nor perhaps, for—your brother either."

"No," said Viola; "I know it wouldn't have done for Crad. He would get rough or miserable, and besides—. But people are always too much down on Crad."

"Yes—you know him best, don't you?" said Elsie, gazing out to sea, and longing to lead Viola on to talk.

"Yes! You know really he's better than poor Quentin! Not but what Quentin kept straighter, but he hadn't half the understanding and the nice ways of Crad. But Crad couldn't get on with papa!"

Viola spoke in a moved voice, the childish perversity had gone from her tone. She spoke with sense and earnestness.

"Did he—vex your father?"

"Oh yes. You see Crad goes on for

a long time so quiet and still, and then he seems to blaze up. I don't see how he could help getting into debt at Oxford; he hadn't any money; it was silly to send him there. But he got sent down because he got into a passion with the dons. And then he wanted to marry Agnes Fletcher. Of course that wouldn't do. And that was how the dreadful quarrel came—which began it all."

"I suppose she was very beautiful."

"Oh yes. Uncle Quince and Ned both say that she is the most beautiful person they ever saw. And she's very nice too. We used to play with her, and she always did nice comfortable things. And now she's a widow, so of course Crad's better out of Marsdale. Oh, I know that. Of course he'd go back to her."

"And where will he go?" Elsie managed to say.

"Oh, I don't know. That's the trouble. But Elsie, I keep forgetting. Of course you know Crad. He said your father was his best friend, and that he was glad I knew you. But I can't think of him being quiet and industrious and useful."

"He was very useful. Father liked him very much."

"It's very strange. He says he was quite happy at Ashenhead. But of course he did like little fiddle-faddling, trifling occupations, which isn't like the rest of him quite. That's it with Crad, you never know what he'll do next. But, you depend upon it, Elsie, he's got it in him to be very good. Did you guess who he was?"

"Yes, when I had seen you—you're like him. And—there was the puppy somehow that helped. And we knew there was something to find out. Then, he told my father."

Viola laughed a little; but Crad was only an interlude in her thoughts.

"Elsie," she said presently in her turn looking out at the blue sea, "did

you think it very bad of me to run away and break my promise?"

"I thought you gave your promise without knowing much about it," said Elsie.

"I did. That was bad of me. I liked him to flatter me and give me things. But when Quentin died—I knew that all that was nothing, and one rock, one stream at home was more to me, and I knew I should just die for Marsdale if I woke up and thought of it in America."

Viola's whole face changed, and filled with that strange impersonal passion for things other than human, that only those who feel it can understand.

"And don't you feel at all sorry that you broke it all off?" asked Elsie.

"No," said Viola, "I don't think I do. Of course I should have been out of all the bother. But it would have cried and called to me, and I should have hated him. Besides, it would have been mean to take all and give nothing. Wouldn't it now? And I say, it would be mean to get fond of this comfortable, easy sort of place, and forget poor Marsdale, all rough and poor, and eaten up by the hydro!"

As Viola spoke Caradoc's voice echoed in her girlish tones, and her eyes took the look of his.

"One can't forget things," said Elsie, "but I suppose it's sometimes God's will that we should live without them, and be contented and behave well, for a time at any rate."

"I don't think I'm very good and religious," said Viola. "Our church was a queer little place, but I don't like the smart church here either, and they sing out of tune. At home we didn't do that, if we do have funny old hymns."

"But Viola dear, there are one's own prayers," said Elsie, uncertain how to deal with this elementary creature.

"I won't pray to be made to forget

Marsdale," said Viola, with passion, "you wouldn't pray to be made to forget the thing you loved best in the world, would you?"

"No," said Elsie steadily, "I would not, but I would pray that I might be patient while I had to do without it, and not think all other things dull and stupid, that I might be the better, not the worse for—for—having known—it." "And," she added, after a moment, "you might pray for—for it—them—for all your folks at home, that they might be well and happy, and good—and that things might turn out well for them."

"Pray that the hydro might be a good thing for Marsdale," said Viola. "I couldn't, Elsie. I should like to cut all the water off and smash it up."

Elsie could not help laughing.

"For your—relations and all the people there. You don't want them to be ruined anyhow."

"Well!" said Viola, resting her chin on her hands and looking out to sea, "I think it would take a great saint to want people to be as happy without one as with one. I don't think I do want it. But I suppose I could pray not to be disagreeable."

Poor Elsie could not honestly say that she wished Caradoc to be as happy in Marsdale as at Ashenhead. She was young and bitterly jealous of the fair shadow that haunted the rocks and fells.

"One can think first of their good," she said rather faintly, as a call from the house interrupted their strange colloquy.

It was not without fruits. Viola became more reasonable. She consented to learn the violin, and to accompany Elsie to the French conversation class, and when there said, *Oui madame* and *S'il vous plait, mademoiselle*, without apparent disgust.

The aunts thanked Elsie for her kindness to, and good influence over, their

wayward niece, and Elsie blushed with shame as she knew that the one thing she cared for, the one thing that

seemed alive for her in this time of waiting was Caradoc's sister Viola.

*Christabel Coleridge.*

*The Sunday Magazine.*

*(To be continued.)*

---

### JAMES SPEDDING.

In the additional collection of Edward Fitzgerald's letters recently published I found that he had done me the honor of proposing that I should write something about his friend James Spedding. I was prevented, I hope by modesty, from attempting the task. My modesty, perhaps, has diminished, and my acquaintance with Spedding's work has increased. I shall venture in any case to say something of a man who seems to me to represent a rare and excellent literary type. People who complain of the excessive hurry and excitement of modern life should admire a man who could be so superior to its special temptations; who could labor persistently "without haste and without rest" to turn out a thoroughly solid and satisfactory piece of work, accept the comparatively humble position of a commentator, and never court popularity by showy and paradoxical rhetoric. I will not venture to say whether the virtue necessarily implied is really less common than it was. Spedding was certainly one of the men who have raised the standard of historical research. Nobody gave a better example of those methods of patient inquiry and thorough investigation of every possible source of knowledge which embody the leading principle, and govern the practice of the best modern historians. The flesh of ordinary readers sometimes resents the consequences. We are in danger of being overwhelmed by the vast masses

of raw material which have been unearthed, and are almost beyond human powers of assimilation. We begin to think that it might be as well if something could be forgotten. Any such complaint, however, is manifestly heretical, and I dare not insist upon the topic. Spedding pursued what we must admit to be the right method, and in doing so he displayed most interesting qualities both of mind and character. One may wish that some fuller personal records had been preserved, but he would have been the last man to desire that any one should do for him what he did for Bacon. His life offered hardly any incidents, and a few letters and incidental references from eminent contemporaries must serve to give an impression of his personal charm.

The few facts recorded, however, are significant enough of a marked idiosyncrasy. He was the son of a Cumberland squire, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1827. That famous college was then even fuller than usual of young men of promise. I read lately in some memoir a complaint of the torpid state of the Cambridge intellect in those days. A youth, it was suggested, could not be expected to learn much in so stationary or reactionary a place. I will not stop to point out that even the authorities were decidedly waking up; but, at any rate, there has hardly been a time when an intelligent youth could find more intel-

lectual comradeship among his contemporaries. Under-graduate traditions are naturally brief; but the memory was still fresh of debates at the Union where Macaulay and Bulwer and Praed, and the hopes of the "philosophical Radicals," Charles Austin and Charles Buller, were showing how the world could be put right. The elder among them were entering a wider arena with a success which might justify the belief that the Union debating society was a great nursery for statesmen. F. D. Maurice and John Sterling had also been Union orators, and had been more important as founders of that esoteric society known as "the Apostles" to the outside world. Young men who had not the honor of membership spoke of it with mysterious awe. It long retained (perhaps it still retains) its character. Henry Sidgwick, one of the most brilliant and most attractive of later members, has left it on record that he owed more to the intellectual influences to which he was there subject than to any other stimulus. If its annals have been preserved, and should ever be published, we should know how great has been its influence upon the rising intelligence of the most distinguished Cambridge men of later days. To most of us it is, of course, interesting from the famous passage in *In Memoriam*. It was there that Arthur Hallam displayed an ability which, if Tennyson's judgment was not too partial, was unsurpassed in his generation. "The Apostles" discussed all topics from Shelley's poetry or the Reform Bill to the origin of evil and the personality of the Deity. Among them, or in the outer circle in contact with them, were many men of remarkable power, though the verdict of their comrades was not always confirmed by public success. Clever lads, I believe, are excellent judges of their contemporaries, but accident or some unnoticed infirmity of mind or

character often frustrates very plausible anticipations. Among the set was Venables, for example, whose singular literary ability was only turned to account at the parliamentary bar or in anonymous journalism, and Brookfield, now remembered chiefly by Tennyson's reference to "old Brooks"—the "most amusing man," says W. H. Thompson, "whom I ever met or shall meet"—who could keep a whole party lying on the floor in unrestrainable laughter at his extemporized comic dialogues. A clerical career was not specially adapted for the display of that particular talent. Thompson himself—though still respected by students of Plato—is chiefly known to the outside world by the famous saying about the infallibility of the young. J. M. Kemble, another light of the time, devoted himself to do good work as an Anglo-Saxon scholar instead of fulfilling Tennyson's prophecy that he would be "a latter-day Luther and a soldier-priest." Monckton Milnes made himself beloved by his genuine social qualities—as president, in Carlyle's phrase, of the heaven and hell amalgamation society—but did not add a great name to the long roll of Cambridge poets. Other Trinity men achieved fame, but by unexpected paths. Among them was Thackeray, for a brief part of the time, and Kinglake, one of the most exquisite writers of English prose; and Edward Fitzgerald, who was to give such singular illustration of the slowness with which recognition may come to the most indisputable genius.

Among such men, and others might be added, Spedding was conspicuous. "He was the Pope among us young men," said Tennyson, "the wisest man I know." The retrospect might tend to support a theory to which for certain reasons I should be afraid to profess adherence. It would be too rash to maintain that a young man who neglects the regular course of study shows

more hopeful symptoms than his companion who is more amenable to discipline. Yet I may perhaps draw the milder inference that these young gentlemen did not overestimate the value of academical distinctions. The career of Sir W. Molesworth, who was another contemporary, was cut short by a duel with his college tutor. Though others did not come into direct collision with academic authority, they appear to have contemplated it with serene indifference. The typical Cambridge man of those days resolved to win a fellowship and to make it a stepping-stone to an outside profession. Senior wranglers blossomed into judges, and first-class men in classics became bishops. The respectable don, who hoped that his pupils would win dignities to add lustre to the college roll of worthies, must have shrugged his shoulders at the sight of such men as Tennyson and Fitzgerald and Spedding devoting themselves apparently to a life of loafing. Fitzgerald long afterwards describes a meeting of the three in Cumberland in 1835. Spedding's father was a wise man, he says, who mounted his cob after breakfast and rode off to look after his farm. He had "seen enough of poets not to like them or their trade," and thought that his boy "Jem" "might have done valuable service in the world instead of giving himself up to such dreamers." However, he judiciously let the young man go his own way and sit up with Tennyson, conning over the poems which were to make up the famous volume of 1842. It is not easy to think of a more interesting meeting now that we know what were to be the achievements of the two poets. Tennyson's genius was already perceived by his intimates, but no one could have foretold the fame which came so late and by a kind of accident to Fitzgerald; and Spedding's career would have seemed equally uncertain. A curious

accident gave him an opening to a more active career. Henry Taylor had just published his "Philip van Artevelde." In the notes he quoted a passage from an anonymous pamphlet described as the "substance of a speech against Political Unions, delivered in a debating society at the University of Cambridge." "Political Unions" are denounced with remarkable energy. The writer is anticipating much that has been said in later years against the evil results of associations which sink the individual in the mass. He fears lest the liberty and responsibility which alone can make men good and great "should be merged and melted down and mingled up into that great mass of ordered and digested opinion" in which consists the strength of "these much-boasted political combinations." He declares that for centuries of such glory, wealth and independence as these unions could produce, he would not "barter one hour of that domestic comfort, domestic freedom, household strength, and household virtue with which it is our boast to be blest above other nations, and which all come of the sacred inheritance of *individual freedom*, the free thought of the free soul, for which the worst of *occasional* convulsions and calamities are not too dear a price to pay." Tennyson, whether independently or not, was simply versifying Spedding's prose in the familiar declaration that

Should banded unions persecute  
Opinion and induce a time  
When single thought is civil crime,  
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to  
land

The name of Britain trebly great—  
Tho' every channel of the State  
Should almost choke with golden sand,

he would, to put it briefly, pay a visit to the south of Europe. Taylor re-



marks that it was strange that such a speech should have been delivered in a debating club and have made no impression as a pamphlet. "A brilliant parliamentary reputation might be built upon the title of the merit." Spedding says at this time<sup>1</sup> that he had "a decent excuse for writing Philip van Artevelde," and doubtless refers to this incident which led to a life-long friendship with a man after his own heart. In those days the blessings of the competitive system were unknown. Taylor had been appointed to a post in the Colonial Office because he had written some striking article in the *Quarterly Review* and elsewhere. He now offered to Spedding a temporary place in the office at £150 a year, Spedding accepted, feeling that after all a life without settled occupation had its dangers, and labored for six years, establishing a reputation for admirable business capacity. His superiors expressed the highest opinion, but somehow or other when his task was finished they did not offer him the permanent appointment, which he would gladly have accepted. Six years afterwards they requested him to come back to a place of £2,000 a year, but Spedding had already plunged into Bacon on his retirement, and in spite of all entreaties refused to give up his self imposed duty. He afterwards accepted a position or two for very brief periods; but for over thirty years, from 1841 to 1874, he gave his whole strength to writing the life and editing the works of Bacon. It is difficult to recall any other man of letters who has pursued a single aim with equal devotion for so long a period till Professor Gardiner—in whom we have just lost a like-minded devotee of research—performed a similar feat. But only twenty-four years elapsed between the day when Gibbon heard the bare-footed friars singing vespers in the Temple of

Jupiter and the publication of the last volume of the work which then first "started into his mind." Postponing any consideration of the question whether in Spedding's case the result was worth the labor, there can be little doubt of the wisdom of Spedding's choice as regards his own happiness. One cannot imagine a happier fate for an author than that of being told off to a great task which is exactly fitted to his powers, occupies his whole mind, and enables him to stand aside from all the fidgety turmoil which besets men distracted between various ambitions. No doubt the work would have been anything but fascinating to a man of different temperament. "The Life of Bacon was," said Carlyle, "the largest and faithfullest bit of navvy work I have met with in this generation." Carlyle's explosions of wrath and disgust when doing "navvy work" for Cromwell and Frederick must have qualified him to appreciate Spedding's marvellous imperturbability. But to the man properly endowed there is something even soothing in the process of grubbing in old libraries, comparing half a dozen manuscript versions of some insignificant document, slowly seeking out, weighing, and sifting evidence, and developing an instinct which enables you—so it would seem—to recognize the smallest touch of your hero's hand and understand his character better than he understood it himself. Spedding had neither the irritability, which provoked Carlyle's explosions of wrath under such labors, nor the vanity which would suggest that it was unworthy of him. Fitzgerald at an early period declares that Spedding is wasting his life. To Spedding himself no such thought seems to have occurred. He calmly accepted the consequences of his choice. He was content to be a man of one topic. He professed with humorous exaggeration that he was absolutely ignorant of

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Tennyson*, "1. 230.

other subjects—except of Miss Austen's novels and of Shakespeare's—if indeed, as he held, Shakespeare be a different subject. He knew nothing but Bacon and his necessary surroundings, though he knew Bacon more thoroughly than Boswell knew Johnson, or than Lockhart knew Scott. Writing to one of the earlier believers in the identity of Shakespeare and Bacon, he incidentally indicates the nature of his procedure. When he began the task of collecting manuscripts with printed copies, he says, he could

scarcely distinguish one hand from another, and it was some time before I could discover which was Bacon's own. But after a little of the close attention which collecting and copying involves, I began to feel as though I could know it through all its varieties, from the statestest Italian to the most sprawling black-letter, and could almost swear to a semi-colon. . . . Now it is the same with a man's manner of expressing himself. The unconscious gestures of style, scarcely discernible at first, are scarcely mistakable after.

A critic who has acquired this new power of instinctive appreciation may still make erroneous judgments, but, even if erroneous, they will be illuminative.

The quality which is so marked in his writings impressed his friends throughout. On hearing of his death Fitzgerald said, like Tennyson, "He was the wisest man I have known. Not the less so," he adds, "for plenty of the boy in him; a great sense of humor; a Socrates in life and in death, which he faced with all serenity so long as consciousness lasted." In earlier days Fitzgerald had made fun of one outward symbol of this characteristic wisdom. He says of a portrait of Spedding: "Not swords, nor cannons, nor all the bulls of Bashan butting at it could, I feel sure, discompose that venerable forehead. No wonder that no hair can

grow at such an altitude; no wonder his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarified that the common consciences of men cannot endure it." English sailors hailed the forehead in the Channel, he declared, when Spedding was on his voyage to America, "mistaking it for Beachy Head." When regretting that Spedding had not edited Shakespeare instead of Bacon, he observes that one advantage would have been that the same frontispiece portrait would have served for author and editor. It is, I fancy, rather doubtful whether Shakespeare's forehead does not owe something to the artist's preconceived ideal. Spedding's, perhaps, owed a little of its elevation to the baldness of which Fitzgerald speaks. Anyhow, it certainly appeared to be a most fitting dome, under which a large brain, never over-excited by passion or prejudice, might slowly assimilate all the materials for judgment and gradually elaborate the exhaustive conclusions. Fitzgerald could take for granted in writing to a common friend that if Spedding's forehead was imposing, its proprietor was absolutely free from any consciousness of the advantage. He might, like Thurlow, look wiser than any man could really be, but he never affected to be wiser than he was. No man could be further from pretending to knowledge which he did not possess, or to any authority except that of the arguments which he might be stating. His sense of humor, though generally latent in his writing, was an effective safeguard against any over-estimate of himself. When some one was speaking of the penalties and rewards of a future life, Spedding put the difficulty, "But what is to become of us?" assuming as obvious that he was one of the "us," fitted neither for heaven nor for hell. He looked upon himself with perfect impartiality, more conspicuous than that with which he endeavored to judge Bacon. He had a temptation to

judge his hero too favorably, but never to think too favorably of himself. Taylor says that when for a short space the labor had overpowered the interest in his work, he attributed it to a decay of his intellect, and talked of the supposed failure with perfect equanimity and cheerfulness. He revived after a little rest, and continued his task to the end without the least stimulus of personal ambition. His friends, too, were aware that if he never lost his self-control it was not from coldness of feeling. "Underlying a somewhat melancholy composure and aspect, there were depths of tenderness known only to those who knew his whole nature and his unveiled life." It is no wonder that a man so quiet and simple, so incapable of the slightest pretentiousness, so unimpassioned and yet so warm-hearted, should win the affections of his most eminent contemporaries. No family, as Taylor was accustomed to say, should be without a Bible, a Shakespeare, and a James Spedding. The last incident of his life was characteristic. He was run over by a cab with fatal results, and his latest anxiety was to make it clear that the accident was due to his deafness and not to any fault of the cabman.

Fitzgerald wished that Spedding had devoted his life to Shakespeare instead of Bacon. I hardly share the regret, for it is tolerably certain that Shakespeare will be in no want of editors, whereas it is doubtful whether Bacon would ever have been so thoroughly edited had it not been for Spedding. Nor can I regret that Spedding accepted a task which provided him with congenial and delightful labor for so many years. If one is tempted to doubt whether the performance of such a service for a single writer, however eminent, can deserve the devotion of a lifetime, the doubt is still, I think, mistaken. For, in the first place, we must admit that the demand for such work

is imperative. As literature, like science, becomes more specialized, we have to approve of exclusive devotions. When a man spent a lifetime upon studying the anatomy of the common house-fly, men of science applauded. A man who has studied any bit of history so thoroughly as to have established some solid groundwork of fact has at least done something. He has really enlarged the borders of knowledge. If he is too ambitious or philosophical for such work, he will probably produce nothing but rash generalizations, which have to be swept away by his successor. But, besides this, I think that such a book as Spedding's has a value beyond the mere contribution to our knowledge of fact. The *Life of Bacon* is not easy reading in the same sense as some of the famous biographies. The plan of giving all the materials as well as the story which is founded upon them presupposes a rather vigorous appetite in the reader. The *Bacon* is much longer than Carlyle's *Cromwell*, and has not the brilliant editorial interludes which relieve readers worried by Cromwell's own amazingly inarticulate modes of expressing himself. Yet if one is prepared to make a certain effort, there are few books from which I can derive more satisfaction; due partly, perhaps, to my self-applause at having assimilated such solid mental food; partly, and I hope chiefly, to the attractiveness of Spedding's own peculiar intellectual quality—to the subtlety of his perception, as well as to the patience of his investigation—and to the singular interest of Bacon himself. I do not presume to say that I have formed any estimate worth mentioning of Bacon's character, for one rather feels that it is presumptuous to form any opinion differing from that of so thorough a student. Neither can I accept Spedding's view, much as I am impressed by his power and his intention, at least, of impartiality. But I

do feel, and that is quite enough to explain the interest excited, that I have been in company with a man of singular sagacity, who has been investigating with unwearied zeal one of the most interesting psychological problems that have ever been presented by the career of a first-rate man of genius.

It is not, however, the *Life*, but the early book, called *Evenings with a Reviewer*, which is to me especially attractive. My taste may be peculiar, but for me it has a special charm, which I can best describe by saying that I can always take it as a kind of anodyne. It is admirably adapted for the hour before bedtime after a troublesome day's work. The judicial frame of mind, the calm, slow pondering upon evidence, the careful adjustment of the moral judgments, of which one catches the contagion, have a soothing influence. One feels oneself to be in an edifying frame of mind, and the problems are interesting enough to keep one's thoughts gently simmering without over excitement. I not only do not make up my mind, but I desire not to make it up; that would be to lose the pleasure of the process, and I am glad to believe that I shall never come to any definite result. There is not, as in the *Life*, a superfluity of documents to be studied, and Spedding's fervor, though carefully subordinated to the argument, is always pleasant. One rather resents, as a rule, the "whitewashing" process which deprives one of a favorite villain; it would be unpleasant to have to learn that Richard III. was a model uncle, and, personally, I like Mary all the better when I give her credit for blowing up Darnley; but even if not convinced that Bacon was a saint, one is convinced that he must have had some singular qualities to attract an adoration at once so warm and so candid. Spedding has not a touch of the irritability which suggests a bad case. The hero-

worship is so genuine that the less we believe in the hero, the more we are interested in the hallucination of the worshipper.

Spedding's belief in his hero survived the prolonged investigations undertaken for the *Life*, but the fervor is more obvious in the *Evenings*. He wrote a sonnet upon Bacon in order to utter, as he wrote to Taylor, a strong emotion which continued to beset him. It was roused whenever he considered "what kind of creatures they were who so complacently took it for granted that they were superior to Bacon"—being, as he believed, "the beggarliest souls that have been gifted with the faculty of expressing themselves." If he were divinely commissioned to let them see Bacon as he was, and themselves as they were, the contemplation of the two for half an hour would at least leave them speechless. It is not made clear whether Macaulay was one of these beggarly souls or only their prophet. In any case it was Macaulay's famous article upon Bacon which provoked the *Evenings with a Reviewer*. The article appeared in 1837, and Spedding wrote his comment some ten years later. It was privately printed, and Macaulay does not appear even to have known of its existence. What he would have said in reply is a curious question. Opponents generally appeared to him to be too obviously stupid to deserve an answer. A controversy between two men so curiously contrasted in their strength and weakness would have been delightful to lookers-on. Macaulay's admirers had read the *Bacon* with special enthusiasm. Jeffrey told the editor who had succeeded him that it was "altogether magnificent *et prope divinum*. I have read it," he declared, "not only with delight but with emotion, with bobblings of the heart and tears in the eyes." Bulwer, while criticizing some parts, declared that Macaulay's genius

was "of a prodigious and gigantic character. He is formed to be the man of his age." Readers of this age will probably agree that the article, though it shows Macaulay's amazing vigor, shows also his very weakest side. I do not speak of errors in point of fact. Spedding undeniably exposed some downright mistakes and reckless exaggerations. The article was written during Macaulay's stay in India, when he had little chance of consulting books and trusted to the contents of the edition which he was reviewing or to his portentous memory. The period was not that upon which he was strongest, and, vast as was his general knowledge, he was not comparable to Spedding in familiarity with the minutest details of Bacon's surroundings. Spedding was able to show conclusively that Macaulay's self-confidence had often led him to go beyond the evidence, to make sweeping assertions which demonstrably require qualification, and to misinterpret some transactions from simple ignorance of the documents not generally accessible. So much might be anticipated, and one might still guess that a victory in many points of detail might be won without materially affecting the broad obvious inferences which Macaulay put with his usual power of hard hitting. Perhaps the reader is generally inclined to say that Macaulay overlooked some extenuating circumstances in Bacon's behavior to Essex; but the undeniable fact that Bacon helped to bring a benefactor to the scaffold and to misrepresent the case in the official narrative is a sufficient proof of baseness and treachery. That, in fact, is the view of the common sense to which Macaulay always tacitly appealed, and which gives him an immense advantage. We all like to be flattered for our superiority to the sophistry of refined casuists, and to feel that our coarse judgment really implies a sturdy morality.

Writers, indeed, who are altogether above the rough and ready mode of popular judgment, such as Dean Church and Dr. Abbott, and even Professor Gardiner though more favorable, have refused to accept Spedding's apology for his hero. When everything has been said, the story of Bacon's career somehow leaves an undeniably painful impression. But for all that I prefer my Spedding. Even if I took Macaulay to have in some respects a better case, I should still think that Spedding's mode of treatment is incomparably more instructive and interesting. The Bacon essay is the worst instance of Macaulay's special weakness. He likes to accept the vulgar estimate which makes a man a heap of paradoxes or asserts in a common formula that there are two men in one person—a saint and a sinner, a fool and a Solomon. That is the first impression which a remarkable man often makes upon one. He is often remarkable just because he represents an unusual combination of qualities; and by insisting upon each separately they may be made to look inconsistent. But nobody can be really a contradiction. The apparent contrast states the problem which it is the function of the good analyzer to solve. Pope gave the pith of Macaulay's essay in the inevitable, "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but even Pope points out that all such contrasts can be explained when you have the right clue.

Search then the ruling passion; there  
alone  
The wild are constant and the cunning  
known.

Macaulay never thinks that there is anything to explain; he can gain pliancy by making the contrast as violent and glaring as possible, and invites us to believe in a kind of moral centaur. "The difference between the soaring angel and the creeping snake," he says



(referring to a comparison of Bacon's), "was but a type of the difference between Bacon the Philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General—Bacon seeking for the truth and Bacon seeking for the seals." To have such a judgment thrust upon one as obviously true, and with each member of the comparison exaggerated as much as possible, is asking one to accept the formula *credo quid absurdum*. The effect is to set aside as irrelevant the whole of the really interesting part of the Bacon problem. It may be that Spedding's mode of solving the difficulty is wrong, but at least it recognizes that there is need for solution. Bacon was one man and not two, and not the less consistent because he had an amazingly comprehensive intellect and complex sensibilities. To show that the philosophic and the statesmanlike qualities represent two aspects of the same person and not two contradictory sets of attributes is Spedding's ambition; and if his view still leaves room for a successful analysis, it will be long before we can expect a thoroughly satisfactory solution.

One condition of success would be the writer's power of keeping his moral sense in its proper place. He should remember that he is not to be a judge to settle how many years of purgatory Bacon deserved, but a dispassionate scientific observer, discovering first of all what manner of man he was. When Boswell was palliating the behavior of Lady Diana Beauclerk, Johnson came down upon him: "My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice; the woman's a —, and there's an end of it." If Boswell was confusing his moral judgment, that was a fair rebuke; but if he was simply recognizing the fact that virtue and vice are in fact mingled, and that the breach of a law implies infinitely varying shades of criminality, he was surely quite right. "I never yet met with a

very honest man," says Spedding, "who could be really just to a man charged with dishonesty." The honest man is so shocked by the thought of apologizing for dishonesty that he overlooks the previous question whether the accused be really guilty. Then an attempt to find excuses suggests to him an attempt to raise doubts as to the moral law itself. The moral rule, no doubt, should be absolute; no excuses must be admitted, and to say that every breach is sinful is taken to mean that all breaches are equally sinful. The argument about the moral standard of the time is dangerous. You don't excuse a thief, says Macaulay, because there are 50,000 thieves in London. Why excuse Bacon's servility because he was only one of a crowd of servile courtiers? That may explain how he came to be bad, but does not alter the fact that he *was* bad. Then it is edifying to hold that the great moral truths were recognized in all ages; to say that every action is black or white, good or bad; and that we will admit no paltering with the rule. People have condemned bribery in all ages. Bacon certainly knew it to be wrong, and is therefore to be damned. Yet, as Spedding points out, "moral discoveries never pass suddenly from darkness to full daylight. We have always a dawn during which the true shape and aspect of the moral question is seen darkly." Men accept a general principle, but they have not learnt to apply it. A judge ought not to bribe, but he was allowed to take presents. A special case reveals that one practice leads to the other and then the offender is not only condemned for doing wrong, but for doing what was always known to be wrong. Macaulay himself incidentally declared that an English lawyer with a wig on his head and a band round his neck would bully and sophisticate and do for a guinea what, without these appendages, he would

not do for an empire. Such things, he added, are done daily by "many wise and virtuous men." Spedding does not accept this rather audacious assertion, but he points out that when he was himself writing nobody was really ashamed of bribery at an election. In the last fifty years the moral standard has, perhaps, improved a little in this particular case. Our fathers admitted the abstract principles which show bribery to be wrong; but it had not occurred to them to draw the inference.

Now, your moralist may be right to say, "You ought to have known," or, "You did know implicitly," and to declare that the frequency of the offence is no excuse. But those are precisely the points which the historical inquirer has to take into account. His problem is to infer character from conduct, to get as tenable and clear a picture as he can of Bacon's personality from the ascertained facts of his career. The moralist says "this act broke the law and that did not," and becomes impatient if he goes any further. But the historian must distinguish. The motives which lead a man to a given offence are infinitely various, and to discover them even roughly requires most delicate and difficult analysis. The inference drawn from a given act varies widely according to the standard of the time, and it is essential to admit and understand the fact. When we have got an exhaustive theory of the man's character, can tell exactly why under given circumstances he acted in a particular way, it will be time enough to bring our moral sense into play. We cannot judge of him till we judge of him as a whole, see how certain qualities were in defect or excess, and how faults in one direction may be compensated by excellence in another. It is difficult to do this in the simplest case, and with so singularly complex a nature as Bacon's the difficulty is enormous. It is because Spedding tried

to solve it with immense industry and sagacity, and always tried at least to interpret the particular conduct in conformity with his general view of the character that his discussion is so interesting. He may be a bit of a whitewasher, but at least he is the best of the whitewashers.

Spedding proves one fact at least. Bacon ceases to be an incomprehensible mixture of two persons. He is not a pair of Siamese twins, a greedy and servile courtier linked to a profound philosopher. He desired power, and was not insensible to splendor, and by taking these propensities separately it is easy to make him look both mean and selfish. A moralist can always condemn ambition as selfishness; or, on the other hand, it is easy to make it look like public spirit. Condemn "ambition" and you condemn pretty nearly every man who has achieved great aims in the field either of action or of thought. Bacon's ambition was no doubt enormous. He intended to revolutionize the thought of his time; to carry out his scheme in that direction it was necessary to gain influence with the great men, and that influence was to be exerted in the promotion of wide systems of policy. To doubt the sincerity of his aspirations is impossible. Besides his zeal for science, he had reflected profoundly upon the great political issues. On all manner of subjects, on the relation of Church and State, or of the Crown and the House of Commons, on the Union with Scotland, on the right foreign policy of the country, on the reform of the laws, he had undoubtedly thought most acutely, and he has given most intelligent expositions of his views. Some of his conclusions were opposed to those which are generally favored by modern Liberals and may, therefore, be represented as servile. In any case, however, they represent the genuine thought of a singularly powerful and

capacious intellect. It is plain, in short, that he did not drop the philosopher when he became the Chancellor, but that he devoted time and thought to the effort—hopeless enough, no doubt—to conciliate the politics of his day with philosophy. So much, I think, Spedding demonstrates, though it does not follow that he disposes as satisfactorily as he fancies of the charges of meanness and comparative cold-heartedness. What does follow is, that the weakness becomes incomparably more interesting. It is the weakness not of a simply servile courtier, but of a gigantic intellect allied to a comparatively cold and feeble moral nature. Bacon is, in that sense, as interesting as Hamlet. He has undertaken too vast a task. He is in a position which puts a greater strain than he can bear upon his higher motives. He means at first to use great statesmen for worthy purposes, and by degrees becomes their tool. He is always pathetically lamenting over the drudgery which distracts him from the lofty ends of his youth, and yet he can never make up his mind to break his fetters. He is never quite demoralized, and even after his fall makes a desperate and pathetic effort to achieve something worthy of his powers; but he had been insensibly dragged into degrading compliances, and he left only fragmentary results from the great designs of his earlier days. It is this intricate blending of the higher and lower elements, the slow deterioration and step by step enthrallment to trying circumstances which gives the study of Bacon's character an interest in its way unrivalled. Perhaps thirty years was a rather long time to give to its elucidation; but though there are many heroes who excite more enthusiasm, I doubt whether any one can be mentioned who suggests more curious and interesting reflections.

Spedding, it is true, would not ad-

mit the deterioration of which I have spoken. In the *Evenings with the Reviewers* the two parties to the discussion take up the successive periods of Bacon's life, and at the end of each "B.," who represents Spedding, challenges "A.," the impartial hearer, to say where Bacon went wrong. "A." has always to confess—until he reaches the errors which Bacon himself admitted—that he cannot put his finger on any clear fault. The reader is not always as easily convinced, but the impression made is itself characteristic. Among Bacon's gifts one seems to have been an extraordinary power of self-justification. One feels that if he went wrong he would always make out a case which might very well satisfy his own conscience. When he wrote an apology, as one of his best critics admits, it is hard to find any inaccuracy in his statement of facts; and yet he manages to give on the whole an erroneous impression. Everybody feels, as I have said, that his behavior to Essex was somehow mean; but it is curiously difficult to point out precisely where he ought to have acted differently. Essex had made him a generous present, but it was a return for very valuable services; and to take such a payment does not bind a man to follow his patron into evil courses. Bacon, in fact, had no sort of concern in Essex's rising, and must have condemned it from his heart. The rising, moreover, was a most serious crime, and however desperate it turned out to be, the hopelessness was not obvious at the time. The prosecution which followed was obviously inevitable. On what ground could Bacon, as a servant of the Crown, refuse to discharge his duty in the trial? Would Essex have been any better if he had been left to hostile advocates? Bacon, it is true, helped the prosecution by pointing out clearly the issue which had become confused. Was he not bound to make things clear?

Then after Essex's death Bacon was employed to draw up the Government statement of the case. Such a statement was clearly desirable, and if Bacon did not misrepresent the facts what is there to blame? There, again, we have the problem how far the case is misrepresented, and, if so, how far the fault was Bacon's, and how far that of the councillors, who, as we know, edited his draft. Somehow or other, Bacon's position becomes painful to admirers, but it is not simply that he is a traitor and a sneak, but that when a most difficult conflict of duties arises he takes one view, and the view, of course, which happens to be for his own personal interest. Rough common sense takes that last consideration to be conclusive. Yet a course otherwise right does not become wrong because it is also profitable. We are surely bound to answer Spedding's challenge, and to point out the precise step at which the path pursued by Bacon deviates from that prescribed by duty.

To do that is not easy, but the difficulty in Spedding's position runs through the whole book. He has always to be on the defensive. At each point he can make out a very plausible case. But one becomes suspicious of a hero who is always in need of such apologies. We cannot quite believe in the strange felicity which made the line of duty always coincide with the line prescribed by lower considerations. We should be pleased if, now and then, Bacon required to be defended for an excess of independence instead of always erring in the opposite direction. Spedding may convince us that the vulgar explanation is entirely unjust; that Bacon's sins were simply the weak side of a character which, if not exposed to his temptations, might have shown itself as altogether admirable; but certainly we do not get rid of the conviction that, as things were, Bacon became very far from admirable. If

fate had placed him in the position which he had often professed to desire, and allowed him to be a quiet student at Cambridge, or if James I. had been a really great ruler instead of a weak and tyrannical pedant, we should only have seen his finer nature and heard nothing but eulogy. Unluckily he was just in the position to bring out or even to aggravate his infirmities. That, as it seems to me, is the net result of Spedding's labors. He has not proved that Bacon was a model, but he has made him intelligible. The stains are not removed, but they no longer represent impossible inconsistencies, and though Bacon does not become faultless he becomes strangely interesting, and attracts sympathy even more than virtuous indignation.

If I have wandered a little too far into the Bacon problem, I have been thinking of his editor. The *Evenings* closes with a characteristic summing up. "A."—Spedding's interlocutor—says that, after all, he prefers "the Luthers and the Cromwells"; that Bacon in his civil career failed to show the "uncompromising constancy to a great idea" which he more or less displayed in his intellectual vocation, and showed some weakness and a tincture of worldliness. Spedding is satisfied with this concession. When we agree as to what Bacon was, we shall still differ in our feelings towards him. Different men admire different types of character. Carlyle took Cromwell for his ideal as Spedding took Bacon, and each of them showed triumphantly that the vulgar conception of history was absurd. That, I take it, is, at least, a great help to a tenable conception of either. Spedding has the advantage over Carlyle that he convinces us, at least, that he can appreciate more clearly the opposite case. That, again, was doubtless due to a certain affinity between himself and his hero. Spedding, indeed, was not only the most honorable of

men, but specially free from the weaknesses which led Bacon to sacrifice philosophy to politics. On another side, it is curious that a biographer of Bacon should have no special interest in philosophy or science. What first attracted him, he tells us, was Bacon's "Apology" in the Essex matter. That document is contemptuously dismissed by Macaulay as showing only that Bacon had nothing to say for himself. It attracted Spedding so much that he devoted the best years of his life to carrying out an apology on a larger scale. The calm reasonableness—in manner, at least—with which Bacon defends himself was exactly to Spedding's taste. It represented the true method by which a man should form a judgment of himself and other people. He did not, as he remarks, place the "violent virtues" so much above the others as his friend "A." Hero-worship tends to exaggerate the value of the masterful and overbearing people, to whom it never occurs to have a scruple or to imagine that anything is to be said for an antagonist. We are always girding at our poor ancestors who objected to enthusiasm (in a different sense from ours, it should be said), and thought that cool, dispassionate consideration of all sides of the question was a valuable quality. We admire the uncompromising zeal which starts a sect or stimulates a revolution, and choose to forget what an amount of mischief is due to one-sided and excessive zeal. There is surely a good deal to be said for the Gallios and the "trimmers," the lookers-on who can never believe that all the good is on one side of any contest. The Kingdom of Heaven, we are told, is taken by violence, and no good causes would succeed unless they were supported by people of unbounded devotion. Still there is something

in keeping one's head, and very sound sense may be learnt from the people who are condemned as cynical. Spedding was an admirable specimen of that variety of the intellectual temperament to which that epithet is often unfairly applied. He was certainly not cynical in the sense of being deficient in tenderness and sympathy. No one, I have said, was a better friend. That he had a sensibility to poetry is shown by his admirable papers on Shakespeare, and appears in two or three little poems of his own. But his criticisms are those of a man who has taken things quietly, who has let Shakespeare sink quietly into his mind, and who does not indulge in dithyrambics, but gives a quiet and delicate appreciation of the qualities which have impressed themselves upon him in the course of quiet study. All his judgments, right or wrong, imply leisurely and dispassionate brooding over the matter. He is as incapable of hasty judgment as of the "violent virtues." The good sense and quiet humor preserve him from extravagance or fanciful over-refinement. A man, of course, who is content to be the servant to another man's reputation, whose work has to include so much discussion of evidence and investigation of dry materials, can hardly gain the recognition which is given to more independent work. We read Spedding not for himself but for Bacon, and one may be tempted to regret that so many great qualities are hidden away in what is substantially a prolonged commentary. Still, it is to be hoped that some readers will be interested by the notes as well as by the text, and admire, or at least forgive, the self-abnegation implied in Spedding's acceptance of his subordinate position.

*Lealie Stephen.*



## AN AMBASSADOR.

## I.

The holidays were long, the weather hot; Michael felt proportionately bored and out of sorts. Few of us, until we are deprived of them, estimate our privileges at their proper value; and this regrettable fact—since knowledge springs from experience—became, during the companionless summer days, painfully clear and evident to Michael. Teddy, as a playfellow, might be somewhat autocratic and overbearing, Aubrey erred rather on the sober side, and Caroline displayed upon occasion a fondness for reading which Michael considered inconvenient and disappointing. Still, their absence revealed hitherto unsuspected virtues, while the fact that both father and Uncle Charlie were shooting in Scotland left the household under Miss Spalding's sole guidance and control.

Now Michael detested Miss Spalding, and he found the society of the nursery children so stale and unprofitable that, before lesson-days came round again, he had reached his wits' end to discover either occupation or amusement. It was at this juncture that Fate intervened in his behalf, sending to him a charming comrade in the shape of Farmer Backhouse's pretty daughter Susan. Later, when results and consequences were totted up, Miss Spalding let fall various remarks upon "idle hands," and the Personage who is supposed to find employment for the same: however, this being merely an opinion on the subject in no way interfered with Susan's conviction that here she beheld the very finger of Providence itself, or with Michael's fixed belief in the interposition of his beloved fairies.

Great events grow out of small hap-

penings; the beginning of Michael's friendship with Susan came about in a perfectly commonplace manner. Feeling more than usually tired, both of his own society and that of nurse and the children, he sauntered out one sultry afternoon and dawdled through the lanes towards Backhouse's, intent only upon killing time as pleasantly as possible before he need return. Now Backhouse's was the utmost limit to which Miss Spalding allowed Michael unfettered right of way; beyond its low-pitched roof, its outlying red barns, she insisted upon the necessity of an escort, a rule Michael considered peculiarly trying and which—at heart an outlaw—he broke whenever he could conveniently do so. He had intended to break it on this particular afternoon, but found the sun so hot, the way so dusty that, upon reaching Farmer Backhouse's orchard, he turned in at the open gate and threw himself down beneath the shadow of the apple trees. Overhead, the arched boughs laden with ripening fruit, cut patterns across a sky formed, apparently, of bluest velvet; away on the horizon, distant as dreamland, hung a smoke-film marking the site of Millingford, while through the still air the jingle of traffic on distant tram-lines caught the ear—a sound so muffled, so softened in transit as to become only a part of the stillness and repose of the place where Michael lay. He produced an apricot from the pocket of his overall and set his small, white teeth sharply into it. An apricot, to Michael, represented the summit of desire, for, like the fields out there beyond the orchard, it was forbidden fruit—and this particular apricot tasted most luscious and sweet. Moreover, he possessed several others, purloined, like the first, from an unguarded dish in

the pantry, therefore he revelled not only in the pleasure of gratified appetite, but in a hope of more gratification immediately to follow.

Like his brother Aubrey, Michael was slow to realize either pain or pleasure; once realized, he took keen and sensitive hold upon either. His sorrows were deep and bottomless, his joys came in the guise of golden enchantment flooding present and future alike in a haze of ecstasy. Now, lying beneath the friendly apple trees, the great hot sun above him and several unbitten apricots hidden away in the folds of his overall, he asked nothing better of life than a quiet space for rest and indolent meditation. Yet, within the next ten minutes, something better was vouchsafed to him. Shifting his gaze from cloudland to the close-set turf beneath, he became aware of a shadow falling athwart the sunshine, a shadow followed by the most charming substance Michael had ever beheld. He lay still, speechless with admiration, staring through half-shut lids, till the apparition, in a pause of astonishment, dropped to her knees beside him.

"Well, little boy," she cried, "what-ever are you doing here in father's orchard? Upon my word, you make yourself at home!"

The fair face with its blue eyes, the color of something Michael vaguely remembered and delighted in, leant above his own; a tendril of yellow hair, lifted by the wandering breeze, swept his forehead. Her voice, though she spoke with more than a touch of the Millingford dialect, sounded softly in his ears and, still wordless, he continued to stare, while his mind followed that haunting suggestion of color, elusive, yet recoverable. The girl rose from her kneeling position and sat down upon the grass beside him.

"I don't know what call you've got to be here," she said; "p'raps father

gave you leave to come? You can't —" She measured him with a look, "You can't surely be Master Teddy?"

Michael remained silent; the dancing thought was close within his grasp. Ah! he had it now! Her eyes—her eyes reminded him of a sin of his youth, long past (at the least a month ago), yet unforgotten. His glance fell from hers; his lip quivered.

"I'm not Teddy," he answered, a trifle uncertainly, "I'm Michael, and Farmer Backhouse told me his own self I might come in here."

The girl put out a plump hand and patted him on the cheek. "Why, of course!" she assured him, "you can come if father said so. And so you're Master Michael? Bless me, how you've grown in these two years I've been away! Don't you remember me, dear? I'm Backhouse's Susan—Backhouse up here to the farm."

But Michael's thoughts had flown on wings of memory to that dear, lost dolly of whom, indirectly, the azure eyes of his new acquaintance so poignantly reminded him. He stifled a choking sob and turned his head aside. Susan leaned over him remorsefully. "Don't cry," she implored him. "I never meant to be short with you, that I didn't. You can stop here all day and welcome if you like. I'm only too glad to see you, honey."

Michael, with an effort, stayed the tide of his emotion. It might be very well at home, in the bosom of one's family, to accept tears and regret as a portion, but out here, in the wide world, he was man enough to understand that courtesy and self-respect alike demanded a calm, if not a smiling countenance. Besides, the afternoon was fine, the girl kind and beautiful; and grief, as he well knew, keeps perfectly until to-morrow. Therefore he checked his tears and entered into an explanation.

"It was Weezer," he said, "She was

my dolly, and I loved her, and she's dead. I burnded her up—but Caroline and the old fairy both think I'll see her again. Somehow you 'minded me of her."

Susan drew a little nearer to him upon the grass. "Did I, lovey?" she said with interest, "I wonder how that could be?"

Michael considered. Though he had captured the flitting memory, he hardly knew by what paths of thought he had attained to it. He regarded his companion gravely a moment; then he shook his head. "I don't quite know," he admitted presently, "but you did. It's gone now. Besides, Weezer is dead; she's all burnded away, so I won't think about her again until to-morrow."

He sat up and, in his turn, crept a little closer to the girl beside him. "Who are you?" he demanded. "Are you really Susan, what Aubrey and Teddy used to know? I thought you'd gone away to service, like the soldiers do, and that p'raps you'd be killed and not come back here any more."

Susan looked a trifle uncomprehending. "Oh, no!" she said; "it was hardish work, and I hated London, but it's not so bad as all that, Master Michael. I came home a week or two since, and father he says he can't spare me any more, so here I shall stop, at any rate for the present."

She paused, plucking at the long grasses in the hedge behind her. Michael laid a chubby fist upon her lap. "Then can I come and play with you?" he asked confidently. "The boys are away, and Caroline's gone home, and the children is so dull."

He pulled another apricot from his pocket and offered it to her. "When you've eaten it there's the apples," he said, in a tone of instruction; "You're taller than me; you could pick some, and p'raps we might play ball with them?"

Susan laughed and sprang from her place upon the grass. Stretching a pink sleeved arm above her head, she dragged at a twisted apple-bough and began to strip from it the reddening fruit. Michael watched her absorbedly. Not only would these round, smooth apples serve as playthings but, on his homeward way, some of them could be conveniently disposed of as soon as the apricots should have been demolished. Judge then of his disappointment when suddenly, for no apparent reason, the girl loosed her hold, stepped back a few paces, and froze into an attitude of keen attention. The bough swung to its old position, a position hopelessly beyond the grasp of valiant endeavor, while Michael, scrambling to his feet, was about to remonstrate loudly when, from the lane behind him, floated the sound of a long clear whistle—just four or five high notes with a fall at the end of the cadence. Susan raised her head, pursed her red lips, and answered by another call, equally melodious. Then she turned to Michael and dropped again upon her knees beside him.

"See here," she said, coaxingly, "I want you to go right home now, honey boy. To-morrow, if you'll come up here, there'll be a lot of apples ready and we can play ball together just as long as you please. To-day I'd rather be alone. Don't cry," she added hastily, reading in Michael's countenance unmistakable signs of a great dismay. "Don't cry, there's a dear. I'll have pears as well as apples. Yes," she nodded her pretty head, "and maybe a ripe nectarine or two. Now kiss me, and run along as I tell you."

Michael hesitated. The bribe was a big bribe, but he sorely wanted to remain; besides, that whistle from the distance filled him with a vague curiosity. He possessed, however, more than a touch of the innate dignity which distinguishes some children

from their earliest days, and where he was not wanted he certainly would not remain. Therefore, in response to Susan's wooing arms, he nestled his cheek against hers during a brief moment; then, with a lingering glance at his paradise and the Eve who stayed, expectant, beneath the apple trees, he trotted through the open gate and turned his face homeward once again. Half-way down the lane he encountered Tim Hooligan, the good-looking young Irish constable who had lately taken up his duties in the neighborhood. Michael saluted and passed on. For him the meeting held little or no significance: his brother Teddy, with intelligence sharpened by experience in a world of intrigue and duplicity, would have penetrated further into the secret of Susan's anxiety for his departure.

The next few days dawned so sultry that Miss Spalding issued peremptory orders forbidding Michael an exodus from the garden. He resented the restriction though, perforce, yielding to it, and thus it came about that he did not revisit the farm until nearly a week had slipped by. Then, after running all the way to the orchard gate, he raced through it so impetuously as almost to stumble over the prostrate figure of his friend Susan. She lay prone upon the grass, her sunny hair hidden beneath a crumpled sun-bonnet, her face, as she lifted it to Michael's, flushed and stained with tears. He contemplated her during a pause of uncertainty and dismay; then in a glow of commiseration he threw his arms round her neck and kissed her over and over again.

"Poor Susan," he said, "poor Susan, don't cry! The fairies are sure to comfort you by-and-by."

He found himself unable to conceive of any adequate cause for the tears of a grown-up person; they seemed indeed most terrible and, though he

strove to utter them, no further words of consolation entered his bewildered mind. He remained silent, patting Susan's head with a small, hot hand, and trying to recall in what manner, on the last scrape but one in which he had embroiled himself, Caroline had contrived to administer a modicum of consolation.

Presently Susan, feeling acutely the need for human sympathy, pushed back her sun-bonnet and gathered Michael within her arms. "I shan't never see him again," she said, a sob in her breath; "father's forbidden it—he says he's nothing but a wild Irishman and no good for a Millingford lass to marry. And what Dad says he sticks to. So Tim Hooligan can't come here no more, nor I be off to meet him in the lanes. Oh! father keeps an eye on what I'm doing. Dear, Oh! dear, and all because of that silly Home Rule Tim doesn't hold with not a little bit."

She rocked herself and Michael to and fro upon the grass. "If it hadn't been for your uncle, Master Michael, who's filled father up with all these notions, Tim and me might have been so happy together. Oh! why can't the gentry let us poor folk be? What does Mr. Charles want with Dad, a'talking politics?"

Here the sob found vent, and Michael, becoming in a vague confusion aware that, somehow or other, Uncle Charlie was to blame for Susan's misfortunes, felt it incumbent upon him, as the only available representative of the family, to set the matter right so far as in him lay. He remembered how, only a few months ago, Jane the housemaid had fretted after an undergardener whom his (Michael's) father had dismissed. He had heard nurse declare to Miss Spalding that the gardener's absence, and his absence alone, could be responsible for Jane's swollen eyelids and fits of aberration. Here again Michael encountered swel-

len lids, lids disfiguring those eyes only a short time ago so full of sparkle and of light. Certainly Susan must be very unhappy, otherwise she would not rock thus desolately upon the ground; she would get up and produce the promised apples, pears, and nectarine. Michael looked disconsolately about the orchard. He was very hot; Susan clasped him with a fervor both close and uncomfortable, yet he continued to pat her intermittently upon the head, the while he racked his brain to comprehend the reason of her sorrow.

"If I could only write," she sighed, after an interval, "but father, he won't let me out to the post."

Suddenly she held Michael at arm's length away from her.

"See here, honey," she uttered breathlessly, "you know Tim, my Tim, Tim Hooligan? You meet him sometimes round about here and outside the park gate, don't you?"

Michael nodded; the young policeman was a particular friend of his.

"You're *sure* you meet him hereabouts?" insisted Susan strenuously.

Again Michael nodded. "I meets him *werry* often," he assured her, "mostly in the lanes 'tween here and our home. But why for, Susan?"

Susan glanced round the sunlit space of the orchard. Not a soul was in sight; not a sound, save the friendly, familiar murmur of farmyard and of homestead, broke the warm silence. "Why for," she repeated eagerly, "why for, Master Michael? If you would take him a letter from me I would—I would—"

She paused, at a loss for words wherewith to express the magnitude of her gratitude. "I'd just do anything for you, that I would!" she concluded vigorously.

Michael wiggled a little, trying to free himself from her clutch. He considered the afternoon too hot for prolonged caresses. "'Course I'll give Tim the letter, Susan," he remarked sooth-

ingly, "and I don't want nothing but to come here and have you play with me sometimes. It's awful dull at home now ev'rybody's away."

His glance wandered past her to where, in the rick-yard beyond the orchard, protruded the top of a ladder leaning against one of the tallest haystacks. "Let's go and climb up there," he said, pointing with a stumpy, sun-browned finger. "Let's climb up there and sit in the hay. Our stacks aren't ready yet. Do come."

Susan hesitated. "But do you quite understand?" she queried anxiously. "The letter must be given to Tim and to nobody else at all, and you musn't say one word about it, not on no account whatever."

"I won't," declared Michael stoutly, "I promises, Susan, dear. Now get the pears an' apples an' things, and come along."

They hurried together to the rick-yard. Even here Michael found a longer delay inevitable. Susan announced that she must go into the house in order to fetch the promised fruit, also to consider and to indite her letter. "But I won't be long," she assured him, "You can wait below, all in the nice soft hay. Only don't go up there till I come again, will you, lovey?"

Michael sat down at the foot of the ladder. A thick litter of hay spread around him; above his head rose the great rick, upon the summit of which he hoped soon to disport himself. He looked up at it contentedly. "I'll wait," he said. "Our stacks aren't so nice as yours. They've all got slopey roofs so's you can't get on them; this one is be-utiful. But be quick, Susan."

With that he curled himself round, and somehow the next thing he became aware of was Susan's voice calling in his ear, Susan's face full of sunshine, and Susan's apron bulging with the promised fruit. He raised his lids sleepily; a fat little russet-brown pear



rolled on to his chest and slipped into the hay beside him.

"Come along," cried his friend, tripping gaily up the ladder, "but be careful you don't fall; maybe your shoes are slippery with running on the grass."

Michael ascended with laborious precision, his sturdy brown legs moving cautiously until, gaining confidence, he took the last few rungs precipitately and emerged upon his *El Dorado*.

The girl, hands held out, awaited his arrival. "That's right," she said; "now we'll have a real good time together, you and I."

Providence, we are told, helps those who help themselves; therefore Susan might perhaps be pardoned for attributing Michael's speedy encounter with Tim Hooligan to a special arrangement brought about entirely on her behalf. The meeting took place just beyond the bounds of Farmer Backhouse's domain, and Michael who, in a fit of abstraction, had been hurrying on with merely an interchange of the customary salute, picked up suddenly and hastened back upon his track.

"Oh!" he called, "stop, Tim Hooligan, please do stop. I quite forgot what Susan gived me for you. Oh! do come back."

The policeman's tall figure was just disappearing around a bend in the lane when Michael's appeal checked him as abruptly as though he had been called to attention. He turned hastily, and the next moment the precious missive was in his hands.

"And what 'ud ye done if ye'd not met me?" he demanded presently of the waiting messenger; "where'd ye hide the letther at all, till ye come acrost me? For it's not me that 'ud care for the maids of the Big House to be finding Susan's love words upon ye—I mane, have ye ever a pocket that nurse she'd not be divvin' into?"

The contingency had not occurred

either to Susan or to her messenger. Michael, who could not but feel honored by the secret service into which he was pressed, looked himself up and down with an eye of consideration. He understood, since Susan had urged it upon him, that to Tim Hooligan, and to Tim Hooligan alone, must her letter be delivered, but the problem of how the task could be safely effected had not hitherto presented itself to his mind. He felt considerably puzzled; yet, in view of future eventualities, he was anxious not to lose his post as ambassador; besides, he held already a strong affection for his friend the policeman, and a decided liking for pretty, good-natured Susan. Supposing there were other letters to be carried! He would like to carry them, but how—in face of this odd objection to their being read by others—how could he possibly manage it? Michael would have been proud, indeed, that any composition of his should be read by the whole world, but then the writing of a letter was regarded by him as a feat of colossal importance—too great an achievement to be wrought for the benefit of one person only. Tim, however, viewed the matter differently, and Michael regretted that he could suggest no way out of the dilemma. The big policeman and the little boy looked at one another in perplexity, till at last Hooligan brought his hand with a smack on the top of the low wall beside him.

"I know," he said, "and bedad 'twas like meself not to think of it before. See, Masther Michael; ye'll bring Susan's letthers just here, and ye'll slip them into this little hole in the wall."

He showed Michael how, in a cranny between the loose unmortared stones, a sheet of note-paper might safely lie concealed. "That's the posth'-office for ye," he said triumphantly, "and ye can just pop Susie's letthers to me into the inside of it, and lave 'em there till what

toime I can come and fetch 'em away me own self."

Michael puckered his forehead reflectively. Presently the full significance of Tim's plan dawned upon him. "And so's I do that, nurse can't find them in my pocket?" he said gleefully. "I see now; it's like when Caroline played at 'nonymous correspondence, 'bout Teddy's school cricket matches; the letters was always left up in the Chemistry Chamber."

"That's it," responded Hooligan, delighted to find so apt a pupil, "and when I write to Susie I'll just pop the letter in here, and presintly ye'll come by, and look for ut, and take ut out to carry away for her. Oh! there's gran' toimes afore us all, Master Michael, I assure ye—gran' toimes intoirely. An' now ye'd best be gittin' home, and I must go on me bate, so good-bye to ye. See here a minut'; he dragged from an inner receptacle an old pocket knife, broken as to blade yet available for an article of offence; "see here, there's me knolfe, I'll make ye a prisint of; and don't forgit when ye come along here to look ev'ry day into the letter-box."

With that the man and the boy, gravely saluting one another, passed each on his separate way, the policeman rejoicing at this unexpected way out of Love's difficulty, and Michael deeply imbued with a conviction of his own ultra-importance.

"But I mustn't tell nobody," he assured himself as he trotted homewards, "not one single nobody. P'raps," he loitered for a moment, awed by the magnitude of the idea, "p'raps it's almost a good thing that I burned up Weezer, else I *must* have whispered it to her!"

He paused, shook his head, and trotted on again.

Michael is not the only one amongst us who, realizing a benefit to self from the misfortune of another person, experiences some confusion of mind as to

what may, and what may not, be properly considered as a blessing. After all, the question depends entirely upon one's point of view.

## II.

The hot, airless days crept by, just such hot days as come to us sometimes at the fag end of a vanishing summer. Father was at home again; Uncle Charlie might be expected immediately. Michael was glad; in spite of wide-open doors, permitting free egress at all times during the morning and afternoon, in spite of Susan's amiability, he wearied of the long sultry hours, and he longed for the companionship of his brothers and of Caroline. Viewed from a distance even fagging out at cricket appeared attractive; while he would have followed cheerfully at Teddy's heels, regardless alike of the weariness in his own short legs, and of those unforeseen difficulties in which a stroll with his elder brother usually culminated.

Uncle Charlie, always good-natured, often at leisure, would prove a relief in this hot monotony. Michael awaited his return with impatience; meantime the heat and the loneliness brought with them a share of compensation. Miss Spalding remained unusually cross, while nurse grew careless: no one took any particular notice of Michael, and he found himself free to come and go very much as he pleased. In consequence, the love affairs of Tim Hooligan and Susan of Backhouse's progressed at a great pace, assuming ever graver and graver proportions. Love, like fruit, ripens quickly beneath a blaze of sunshine. This late summer transformed the fancy of the young policeman to a deep and lasting attachment, while Susan's heart, instead of her vanity, became involved in the question. Michael, between them, pursued the even tenor of his way,

dropped notes into the stone post-office, or retrieved them from its depths, with equal fidelity, ate a larger quantity of pears and nectarines than had ever previously fallen to his share, and enjoyed a romp with Susan or waited for her letters just as she had occasion to demand of him.

On the afternoon of Uncle Charlie's return he was in attendance for a longer time than usual, but, as Susan explained to her lover afterwards, she had a great deal to say, and the saying of it required no little thought and consideration. Besides the capacities of the post-office were limited, and one has to write carefully in order to compress a great deal of love into a single sheet of note-paper.

Her messenger meanwhile, grown weary of his own society, strolled from orchard to garden; thence, casting about for some amusement to beguile the lagging hour, he wandered into his favorite rick-yard and sat down to explore the contents of his capacious pocket.

It was Michael's habit, in the absence of any person whom he loved, to appropriate some trifle belonging to them, and to carry it about with him for such time as the real owner remained beyond his ken. Thus he now produced from their hiding-places a stump of lead pencil forgotten by Aubrey, a couple of bent and battered cigarettes thrown on one side by the careless Teddy, and a minute, very dirty, round pincushion, the property of his much-loved Caroline. Next came a crumpled handkerchief, one or two hard green apples, a squashed apricot, and a large and sticky piece of butterscotch. Michael laid these treasures on the ground beside him, glanced at them carelessly, and again dived into the recesses of his pocket. This time he found what he wanted—a little silver match-box, engraved with the monogram "C.E.D." and a date. This match-box Michael,

wandering by hazard that morning through the bedrooms, had discovered lying upon Uncle Charlie's dressing-table. He had laid hands upon it immediately, reflecting that ere the traveller's return during the evening he, Michael, would be relegated to his bed in the night nursery, and that the shining toy would bridge the gulf until to-morrow morning. As for the cigarettes, they had, it is true, belonged to Teddy, but Teddy had sworn off smoking; he said it was apt to stunt the growth, and he looked upon the practice as a pose unworthy the patronage of a really manly boy. He had therefore cast out temptation from his pocket, and unluckily, though not much remained, there was yet enough to prove a stumbling-block for the feet of a younger brother. Visions of a quiet hour when, with one of these cigarettes between his teeth, he should lounge in some convenient resting-place, even as he had seen Teddy lounging, and watch the blue smoke curl upward from his lips, while, in the midst of it, perchance some fairy should appear with whom he might hold communion—visions such as these had lately grown upon Michael's inner consciousness. Hitherto that vital spark which alone could bring them within his grasp had been lacking. Bryant & May's matches strike only upon the box—so Michael had discovered to his perplexity and disappointment; but to-day—to-day he held the magic clue within his fingers. He stuck a cigarette into his mouth, gripped it firmly with his little white teeth, and after considerable fumbling struck a match upon Uncle Charlie's silver match-box. It was odd—when Teddy performed the same rite it appeared so easy—but now, somehow or other, the cigarette refused to light. Michael threw away one match and struggled with another. This time the result was promising, and the smoker broke into a sudden fit of coughing,

during which the second match, cast aside like the first, flickered and died upon the ground beside him. Five minutes passed tediously; by which time Michael's face had become rather white, his cigarette a trifle shorter, and the match-box, though he shook it and turned it upside down, was empty: by which time also Susan appeared upon the scene, twisting her letter, ready sealed, between her fingers. Michael, with not a moment in which to thrust the smouldering cigarette into his pocket, dropped it into the soft nest of hay behind him, and, rather glad of the interruption, ran forward to meet her. Susan swept up the treasures, spread in a row as Michael had arranged them, and, together with her letter, stowed them away in his pocket. Then she pulled his hat from its usual abiding-place on his shoulders, smoothed down the skirt of his blouse and kissed him heartily.

"It's most six o'clock, honey," she told him. "I'm afraid I've kept you overlong. Run away home now, but don't forget the post-office."

And Michael, obediently, ran.

Uncle Charlie, striding up the lane in the velvety blackness of a perfect summer night, cannoned sharply against a man who came racing out of the darkness from an opposite direction. In the distance, where the brows of the hill drop between belts of woodland, a misty red glow shimmered upon the horizon. The running man, catching Uncle Charlie by the elbow, muttered incoherent apology.

"But sure, Misther Charles, an' it's yerself," he panted, "there's no need for more words at all. Backhouse's ricks is a'fire, and I'm for the Posth-Office to telephone the City Brigade. There's work and to spare; could ye lend us a hand, I wondher?"

Uncle Charlie swung on his heel. "Go back," he said; "I'll send word to Mil-

lingford and be after you immediately. Hi! Tim—d'you know how the fire broke out?"

"Faith, an' I do, sor," cried a voice far up the lane, "an' it's loike I am to hear more av it before I've done!"

Hooligan was gone. Uncle Charlie, leaving a hasty message for his brother, telephoned to the Millingford Fire Station and sped after him. The local brigade was already at work. The chief officer and his men—blackened with smoke, reeking of burning hay—pushed and hauled the hose hither and thither, played on the flames, cut the smouldering tops and sides out of the ricks, and, after half an hour's desperate fighting, got the fire somewhat under control. Uncle Charlie found himself toiling next to Hooligan.

"How did the conflagration break out? yer honor says," he panted, pitching fork-loads of smoking hay onto the sodden ground behind him. "How did it break out? An' it's meself can truly say that yourself has a dale to do with it. It's aisy to start a flare; it's none so aisy to put an end to it. And that, beggin' yer pardon, is what ye did in the mind—it's not too a big a one at that—in the mind of Farmer Backhouse."

"The mind of Backhouse!" said Uncle Charlie, "what on earth has his mind to do with his fire?"

"It was politicks, Misther Charles, politicks. Why ever did ye need to prejoodice him against the Oirish? Sure it's not meself houlds wid' Home Rule at all, at all; yet the ould man won't listen to a worrd I say, and Susan—"

Uncle Charlie, spreading the hay with swift, strong sweeps of the fork, uttered a low whistle.

"Susan!" he said. "By Jove! Tim, I've done you a bad turn, I'm thinking. No matter; I'll set it right again; trust me for that. Though what Home Rule has to do with these blazing ricks I

can't imagine—unless—indeed—but no! You're not that sort, Hooligan."

Hooligan dropped his fork in amazement. "Is ut me?" he began, "me! that's kept company wid Susie these four weeks and more unbeknown to th' ould man? Is ut me——"

But at this moment, with pomp and circumstance, the City Brigade arrived upon the scene. At this moment, also, Michael's father presented himself before Uncle Charlie, offering for inspection the flat of his open hand.

"What is it?" said Uncle Charlie. He dashed the perspiration out of his eyes, and picked from his brother's palm the dented, battered semblance of a silver match-box.

"Yours, I think," said Michael's father. "At any rate it carries your initials. Now, as Backhouse tells me he's pretty certain this fire results from some fool's trick of smoking under one of the stacks——"

"Well, I'm not the fool," said Uncle Charlie hastily. "I only got home half an hour ago, and I came straight along here."

His brother smiled. For once in a way Uncle Charlie sympathized with the exasperated sense of inferiority invariably produced by that smile upon the nerves of his school-boy nephew Teddy.

"What notion have you got in your head?" he snapped impatiently.

"Backhouse swears somebody has been smoking here. This is your match-box. You were not at home." Michael's father, in spite of scorched hands, torn shirt, and mud-splashed attire, remained imperturbable as ever. "The question is who can have borrowed it, Charlie? Of course, had this happened during the holidays—— However, Teddy is away. That being so—I wonder!"

"If ye plaze, yer honor," broke in Hooligan eagerly, "if ye plaze, yer honor, there's little Masther Michael——"

He clapped a sudden hand on his mouth, glanced in dismay from one man to the other and, realizing the situation, became instantly cool again, and doubly upon his guard.

Michael's father turned the little box over in his fingers. "Yes—Master Michael?" he queried smoothly. But nothing more, by bribe or persuasion, would Susie's lover divulge. "Bedad, I've bethrayed the little chap intoirely," he broke out when presently the older man was called away by the Captain of the Brigade. "His father's a hard man, beggin' yer pardon, Mither Charles, and he'll give him a whacking for sure to-morrow mornin'! Unless——" he worked furiously among the evil-smelling hay during a few minutes; then turned again to Uncle Charlie: "Unless we out wid the whole truth, Susie and me. We'll have to spake some toime; better now than later. Well, here goes! I'd sooner be bowled over entoirely than the poor little lad should suffer. Sure never was such an ambassadhor before."

Now whether the fairies or Providence may be credited with the events following immediately upon the fire at Backhouse's is a matter which Susan and Michael, who agree upon most subjects, have decided to leave undiscussed. Certain it is that Michael, summoned very early next morning to the awful presence of his father in that most solemn apartment, the library, found himself tongue-tied and spell-bound under a cross-examination the like of which he had never endured before. Miss Spalding!—Miss Spalding's methods were the methods of a babe compared with those of his father. Michael admitted, contradicted, hesitated, denied; finally he pulled up short, resolved to die ten thousand deaths rather than betray his dear comrade Susan and her loved policeman. And death, to him, seemed very near indeed; so near as al-



most, in his terror, to prove a welcome visitor.

"Now, Michael," said his father, "understand me once and for all. You admit having borrowed—we will call it borrowed—your uncle's match-box; you admit having smoked (*smoked!* Good Heavens! a child of your age) a cigarette under the hay-ricks; but, when it comes to confession of what you were doing there you seem unable to reply. Of course there must be a reason. I mean to know it. If not—you understand?—I shall whip you. Should whipping prove useless, there is always Hooligan; I can find out from him if necessary, but I prefer that you should tell me."

Michael shivered. He was a very little boy and, though possessing much of his brother Aubrey's quiet obstinacy, he knew little of the vigor and fearlessness which enabled Teddy, while respecting their father, occasionally to defy him. Michael defied nobody. He asked only to go his own way in peace and quiet, yet here a very thunderbolt had fallen into his restful life. He must either explain—explain his *rôle* of ambassador—or take a whipping; the first in his short existence, therefore unutterably terrible. He shivered. His fingers twisted in the front of his over-all. To confess would be mean—too well had Teddy taught him that lesson; and the meaner because he dimly understood his Uncle Charlie's honor, as well as that of Tim and Susan, was, somehow or other, here involved. It was Uncle Charlie's fault, so Susan had told him. Confused and helpless he glanced at his father, then away through the open window to the sun-baked lawn without. He clenched his little fist desperately. No, no—he would not tell.

"Michael," said his father. And Michael sobbed and quivered.

There was a pause.

"Michael," said his father again, "I

give you five minutes to consider! At the end of that time, if you do not speak I shall punish you."

He laid his watch upon the table and turned aside to other things. Michael, wide-eyed with horror, watched the tiny second-hand click round and round. Oh! who would help him; why did no good fairy come to his assistance? Surely, if ever a miracle was needed, now— He would tell. He *must* tell. He could never, never bear to be whipped—here, alone, in this horrible dark library, and by his stern-eyed father. He would certainly be obliged to tell. The minutes ticked away. Big tears rolled down Michael's cheeks; he opened his lips to speak, but, with a remembrance of Teddy's discipline, shut them again more resolutely than before. No! Nothing should make a "sneak" of him. He forced back his sobs and stood there, silent and resolute.

"How like Teddy," thought his father. But Michael was not in the least like Teddy. What Teddy did lightly and with small endeavor Michael might accomplish indeed, but in a very martyrdom of body and spirit. It is unfortunate that parents do not always understand these nice distinctions.

The minutes ticked away.

And then, of a sudden, the miracle occurred. For Uncle Charlie's voice was heard in the corridor, calling upon his brother in accents not to be denied, while a charming face, flushed and tearful, appeared at the open window. Michael stared before him. The sob in his heart climbed upwards to his throat and, in a moment, as she stretched through the wide, low casement, his arms were strained convulsively round Susan's neck.

"There, there, honey," she whispered soothingly, "Mr. Charles, he knows everything; and he's put it straight with Father; and me and Tim's to be

married as soon as ever we please." She rocked him to and fro upon her breast. "Don't cry, Master Michael, don't cry," she whispered, "Mr. Charles has overpersuaded Father, and all's well that ends well, only we never thought the Master would punish you so soon. Why, you can't have had had your breakfast yet, poor lamb."

Michael's father took up his watch and put it away into his pocket. He listened quietly to all Uncle Charlie had to tell him; then he crossed the room and laid his hand on his little son's shoulder.

"All right, laddie," he said. "You did well to hold your tongue; but mind, no more smoking, or you'll taste that whipping yet. As for you, Susan, I

hope next time you'll choose another Cupid's messenger."

Susan looked at him across the top of Michael's curly head. "There won't be no next time, sir," she said. "If I get Tim Hooligan I get all the world holds for me in the way of men."

Michael struggled out of her arms. "Yes, and it's the fairies gived him to you. I said they'd comfort you. My Weezer is all burned up, but I know the fairies will let me see her again some day. Won't they, Fadey?"

Michael's father looked at him a moment, a strange expression in his eyes. "I don't know, my boy," he said. "Perhaps you may be right; I hope you are." And then, to his own and to everybody else's astonishment, he bent down and kissed his little son tenderly.

*Mabel Murray Hickson.*

*Longman's Magazine.*

---

### FRIENDSHIP IN THE BIBLE.

The instances of friendship to be found in the Old Testament are too well known to quote, but it is only in the books which the Early Church called indiscriminately "Wisdom" that friendship is treated of philosophically. Two only—Proverbs and Ecclesiastes—of these books are admitted into the Protestant Canon, but the larger half of Christendom accepts four. Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus form part of the Catholic Bible, and even the Reformed Churches seem to have been loth to shut them out. Both are bound in the Lutheran Bible, Coverdale's Bible contained both, and the Church of England still recommends them to be read, not to substantiate doctrine, but as an ensample of life and morals. Bunyan says that as a young man he imagined Ecclesiasticus to be in the Bible, and even when

he discovered to his great chagrin that it was apocryphal, he still thought it his duty "to take the comfort of it." These books, canonical and uncanonical, though widely divergent in the matter of date, are—so scholars tell us—the outcome of the same school of thought, and emanate from the Jewish "wise men," who were neither priests nor prophets, and concerned themselves little either with ritual or politics, but wrote about life, and labored for the moral soundness of the people. Yet ethics and religion are never divorced by them, and even in the Book of Proverbs, wherein we have but one mention of the sacrificial system, the preacher declares that "where there is no vision the people cast off restraint."

By these devotees of wisdom friendship is highly exalted, and the social grace of friendliness inculcated with

religious zeal. The wise man, according to the preacher, is "friendly" and discreet. He never repeats an ill-natured word; he "seeks love" and "covers transgressions;" he is cheerful, and neither scorns nor mocks, for "where there is understanding there is no bitterness," and "Wisdom is the mother of fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope." The fool who refuses to hear Wisdom is not so much a silly or ignorant man as an ill-conditioned one. He has "no friends," he "upbraids much" and takes offence; "as an arrow that sticketh in a man's thigh, so is a word in the heart of a fool." He repeats and "quarrels" and "meddles," forgetting that "it is an honor to a man to keep away from strife." His "wrath is heavy," and he is more dangerous than "a bear deprived of her whelps;" in fact, he is a discordant element in society, and impedes its progress towards a harmonious life. But even above "friendliness" the wise men praise "friendship," and exalt that intimate sentiment which can never have many objects. Friendship "is the medicine of life and immortality," says the preacher; but he is too shrewd to imagine that such friendship is common. A true friend "loveth at all times," but we hear a good deal about those who are only fit for fair weather. "There is a friend a companion at the table, but he will not abide in the day of distress." On this subject the teaching of Wisdom is fervent and spiritual, yet her priests are never sentimental, nor do they ignore the inevitable jars of life or the necessity for forbearance in all human relationships. "Reprove a friend," we read, "lest he may not have understood and say I did it not, or if he did it, he may do it no more," for "there is that slippeth with his tongue, but not from his heart." If possible a misunderstanding is to be cleared up, and wise women in particular are said to "have a tongue to cure and miti-

gate." The "whisperer" who "separateth between friends" is cursed, for "as a man that destroyeth his friend so is he that destroyeth the friendship of his neighbor." The intellectual effects of friendship are not overlooked. "Hearty counsel" is compared to "ointment and perfume." Pleasant discourse is one of the sweet things of life, but "the talking of fools is like a burden by the way." Again, the much-quoted verse from Proverbs, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man's countenance that of his friend," might have served as a text for the larger half of Bacon's essay on Friendship. Friendship, says this later son of Wisdom, "maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thought. Whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break-up in the communicating and discoursing with another. He tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly. He seeth how they look when they are turned into words. Finally he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation." Surely the seed of all these flowers of knowledge is contained in the one Hebrew line. These ancient sages sought to find out the right attitude of man to man, for herein they believed lay the secret of wisdom. They condemned the violent; they condemned the deceitful; they taught the love of equity; they warned men against the temptations of avarice. The man who perverts justice and the covetous man who "setteth his soul for sale" are alike the enemies of society. They have turned aside from the paths of wisdom, and withstood the advance of true civilization. That they who obey Wisdom must in a sense accept servitude these men knew, but that outside the iron bars of Law there is no salvation for humanity they believed implicitly and were never tired

of repeating. "Put thy feet into her fetters," they exhort, "and thy neck into her chains, for her fetters shall be a strong defence, and her chains as a robe of glory. For in her is the beauty of life and her bands are a healthful binding." The search after wisdom was to them a religious search, and those who obeyed its dictates brought their minds into harmony with the will of God. For though at times they descend in wisdom's name to a mere utilitarian shrewdness, yet in their moments of greatest inspiration they use the word to personify the divine Spirit. "All wisdom is from the Lord God," declares the preacher, "and hath been always with Him, and is before all time." Again, "The word of God on high is the fountain of wisdom," and "they that seek wisdom find the knowledge of God." Thus they suspected the future oneness of the worship of God and the service of man which our Lord was to weld together for ever. They are the prophets and Kings who desired to see the things the Apostles saw, but did not fully see them. Christianity began in friendship, and its Founder taught universal friendliness, —charity towards the whole world, including a man's own enemies. But this love towards all men, whatever interpretation we put upon the word "love," is an ideal never actually attained. The Christian religion presupposes immortality, and sets before its adherents a task which at death they must leave unfinished. Many men have, of course, achieved a rose-colored indifference towards the human race, and with a kind of sweetened cynicism have made up their minds to expect little rather than be disappointed. Such people often imagine that they

have reached the ideal of Christian charity, whereas in reality they are further off than those who continue to "hope all things" and bring "a railing accusation" every time that they hope in vain. The existence of a divine element in human nature is a truth involved in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity—*i. e.*, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood and immortality of man—but it is a truth often very hard to realize, and perhaps it is only through friendship or through hero-worship that ordinary people can conceive it at all. No one ever loved his friends or burned with admiration for the heroic characters of the world and remained a misanthrope, for every one realizes that humanity is in some sense all of a piece. "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man." Where do we find the evidence of the Spirit of God but in the hearts of men, alternately charmed and harassed as they are by the attraction of goodness, eternally torn and distressed between self-love and self-sacrifice? Nature is "red in tooth and claw;" no animal cares for his own kind. Where is the divine law of love? "The depth saith it is not in me; the sea saith it is not in me." St. John tells us in his Epistle that if a man hate his brother whom he hath seen, he cannot love God whom he hath not seen; and in saying this he does not offer his reader a logical argument, but he states a spiritual fact, for no man hath seen God who hath not looked for Him where He has chosen chiefly to reveal Himself; that is, in the mind of man,—in that dark, imperfect glass which, however it is defiled by the world, the flesh, and the Devil, retains its power to reflect infinity.

THE CORONATION OF EDWARD  
VII.

Thou royal son of Albion's royal line,  
On whom the mantle of a monarch  
falls,  
Now dost thou enter thine ancestral  
halls,  
To bear the sceptre by a right divine.  
Upon thy brow an empire's crown doth  
shine,  
And when to thee this day loud duty  
calls,  
Haply again, beyond death's shades  
and palls,  
The lips now hushed will make re-  
sponse through thine.  
May God uphold thee, so that men shall  
tell  
How justice flourished, under thy com-  
mand,  
And peace and plenty in each home did  
dwell,  
Nurtured and tended by thy sheltering  
hand.  
Victoria's son and Albert's—it is well.  
King Edward, welcome to thy realm  
and land!

*C. D. W.*

June 26, 1902.

## THE WATCHER IN THE WOOD.

Deep in the wood's recesses cool  
I see the fairy dancers glide,  
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,  
My lord and lady side by side.

But who has hung from leaf to leaf—  
From flower to flower a silken twine,  
A cloud of gray that holds the dew  
In globes of clear enchanted wine?

Or stretches far from branch to  
branch,  
From thorn to thorn, in diamond rain,  
Who caught the cup of crystal pure  
And hung so fair the shining chain?

'Tis death, the spider, in his net,  
Who lures the dancers as they glide,  
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,  
My lord and lady side by side.

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

## UNDER THE WALL.

Overhead the mimosa bloom  
Sways in the sun:  
Trembling joy in his myriad leaves  
Lifts the blossom, that sighs and  
heaves  
For love of one.

One that shall come this way, and  
pass

Under the wall,  
With the tranquil blue of summer  
skies,  
And the mirror of love in the open  
eyes,  
Beholding all.

Dust of bloom and golden seed,  
Floating down,  
Empty low like incense showers  
All the love of the burning flowers—  
Love for one.

Quickly come, O quickly come;  
The hour is late.  
The shadow sleeps on the dial-face,  
And the hush of noon-day keeps the  
place

Where Love doth wait.

*Alice Buckton.*

## NOT SOON SHALL I FORGET.

Not soon shall I forget—a sheet  
Of golden water, cold and sweet,  
The young moon with her head in  
vells  
Of silver, and the nightingales.

A wain of hay came up the lane—  
O fields I shall not walk again,  
And trees I shall not see, so still  
Against a sky of daffodil!

Fields where my happy heart had rest,  
And where my heart was heaviest,  
I shall remember them at peace  
Drenched in moon-silver like a fleece.

The golden water sweet and cold,  
The moon of silver and of gold,  
The dew upon the gray grass-spears,  
I shall remember them with tears.

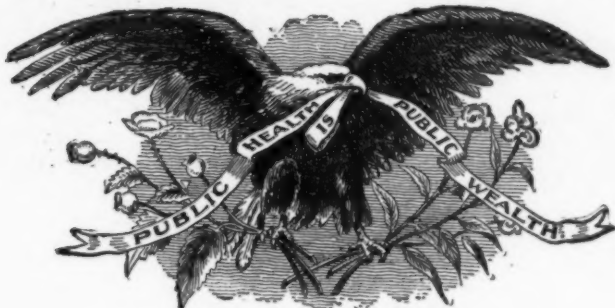
*Katharine Tynan.*







# THE SANITARIAN



**A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**

*Established in 1873.*

"THE SANITARIAN for June, 1892, contains a life-sketch of its venerable and distinguished editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, and several contributions upon 'The triumphs of preventive medicine,' in the interest of which Dr. Bell has labored so long and so successfully. \* \* \* No one has been so long, so patient and so persistent in awakening public attention to an interest in this cause. No one has filled so many positions demanding skill in practical work. No one has been more successful in practical work under great difficulties. The writer of the article is Dr. Stephen Smith, the eminent surgeon and author."—*Tennessee State Board of Health Bulletin.*

Based at the outset upon medical knowledge and sanitary service, over an extensive field of observation in various climates in different quarters of the world, large experience in dealing with epidemic diseases, and practical sanitation for the maintenance of health under the most trying circumstances:

"The Sanitarian is"—

## AS OTHERS SEE IT--

"The American authority for everything appertaining to the healthful condition of the people at large. The contributions are from medical men whose writings are accepted as authority," (*Virginia Chronicle*); "The best sanitary publication in America," (*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications," (*Medical World*); "Has accomplished more good than all of the other sanitary papers put together," (*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*); "The value of a good sanitary publication can hardly be estimated. The superior of THE SANITARIAN we have never seen," (*The Free Methodist*); "The editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, is well known to the mercantile community for his co-operation with the merchants in quarantine reform, and to his profession as a leader in sanitary science," (*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*).

"THE SANITARIAN has been the exponent of the most progressive science of hygiene for more than twenty years," (*The Living Church*).

Two volumes yearly. The volumes begin January and July; subscription at any time.

TERMS: \$4.00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a number. SAMPLE COPIES, 20 cents—ten two-cent Postage Stamps.

All correspondence and exchanges with THE SANITARIAN, and all publications for review, should be addressed to the Editor,

DR. A. N. BELL,  
337 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Half a million dollars has been spent on our new building; nearly as much more on its equipment.

The result is we have the finest institution in the world devoted to music, and our reputation for thorough teaching makes it second to none for creating individual results in music and elocution.



GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director.

*Year-book on request.*

FRANK W. HALE

General Manager

Boston, Mass.

## HOTEL EMPIRE.



Broadway and 63d Street, New York City  
Furnished in a Beautiful and Homelike Manner.  
Within Ten Minutes of all the Principal Theatres  
and Great Department Stores.

### EUROPEAN PLAN

\$1.50 per day and upward.

EXCLUSIVE, MODERN, FIREPROOF.—Splendid Location. Very Accessible. Perfect Cuisine. Efficient Service. An Extensive LIBRARY.

Orchestral Concerts every evening.

Take Boulevard cars at Grand Central Depot and reach Hotel Empire in seven minutes.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor.

*"That Settles It"*

## WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY



RECENTLY ENLARGED

By the addition of  
25,000 New Words

Edited by W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Will readily settle questions about words,  
men, places, scientific subjects, etc. It has  
2364 quarto pages with 5000 illustrations.

### LET US SEND YOU FREE

our Chart of English Sounds for home study  
with the children, also "A Test in Pronun-  
ciation" which affords a pleasant and instruc-  
tive evening's entertainment.

Illustrated pamphlet also free.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers,  
124 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

## The Glen Springs,

The American Nauheim.

A Health Resort of the Highest Class.

The most complete and modern  
bathing establishment in America. All  
approved forms of Hydrotherapy, in-  
cluding

### "The Schott Treatment"

Electricity in all forms. Valuable  
mineral springs. Location overlooks  
thirty miles of Seneca Lake. Well-  
kept and attractive Golf Links. All the  
appointments of a first-class hotel.

*Send for Illustrated Book.*

Wm. E. Leffingwell, President,  
WATKINS, N. Y.

## Select a Pen

Suitable for your writing. 12 pens, different  
patterns for 6c. in stamps. SPENCERIAN  
PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York City

•  
r.  
es  
id  
li-  
ad  
r.  
s.  
rn  
ll  
n-  
le  
ks  
ll-  
ne  
t,

rent  
IAN  
City